

# The SILENT WORKER



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VOL. 38 APRIL - 1926 NO. 7  
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THE SILENT WORKER

Trenton, N. J.

# *The Silent Worker*

*An Illustrated Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World*

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Volume 38, No. 7

Trenton, N. J., April, 1926

25 cents the Copy

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## Deaf Persons of Note



*Emanuel Souweine, head of the Crescent Engraving Co., New York, and always prominent in affairs of the Deaf, has held many offices and made good in all*

# ANGELENOGRAMS

By AUGUSTA K. BARRETT

**M**R. RUDOLPH KAPLAN visits the Black Hills of South Dakota. The once mysterious and uninhabited Black Hills are becoming better known each year for their unique beauty. They are in reality a distinct group of mountains thrust upward out of the prairie, and the blue spruce and Norway pine covering the peaks give them the color of midnight blue, whence they derive the name Pa-ha, Sa-pa, which translated from the musical language of the Dakotahs means Black Hills. We have wondered why they were called "Black" and just now found the explanation in a descriptive folder supplied by the hero of this narrative.

The Black Hills are the highest mountains east of the Rockies on the North American continent and cover an area of about one hundred miles north and south and fifty miles wide. Some one planning a vacation trip may be interested in this item from the scenic folder:—"Bordering on the east of the Black Hills lies Rapid City at the junction of mountain and plain—'Gateway to the Hills'—over four railways and four national and interstate highways. It is the largest commercial center of this section. The lumbering industry of the mountain forests is centered here and here are stucco, cement, lime, brick and packing plants. Beautifully located on Rapid River the city has especial advantage for the tourist who wish to make it his headquarters for sight-seeing.

"Rapid Canyon, Dark Canyon, and Spring Canyon are some of the attractions that greet the visitor with the added diversion of a fine golf course and excellent trout fishing. The tourists park, free to visitors, has a charming location on Rapid River and tourists have not been slow in speaking their approval of the splendid accomodations enterprising citizens have provided them."

Many of the names of places recall the frontier days and warfare with the Indians, and we shall mention a few of the most interesting. The city of Belle Fourche lies at the northern edge of the Black Hills area, "out where the West is," —the wonderful scenery of the Black Hills to the South, the great livestock country to the North and West; the celebrated Belle Fourche Government Irrigation Project to the East—a community interposed at the blending of great and varied courses. Modern as the city is there is still the atmosphere of the old mining and stock raising days, and during the first days of July of each year is held the Tri-

State Round-Up where real horsemen from all parts of the continent, old-time range men and cow-boys of the old school, with a sufficient admixture of trick and fancy riders, meet to fight for supremacy with the most "hard boiled" among horse flesh. It is no uncommon thing to find parked here cars from fifteen to twenty different states, many of these cars representing tourists who came to see the wonders of the Black Hills and take in the show as a sideline. To the south of the hills are the mineral springs with their health restoring waters centering in the town of Hot Springs. Long before the white man came these springs were known to the red man who brought his ill and ailing here, and it was to retain these that the Indian fought his bloodiest battles, first with other tribes and at last with the conquering white man. Near Hot Springs is the Wind Cave National Park. This is the largest known cave on the continent. It comprises over one hundred miles of explored passages and 3000 rooms revealing a host of freak formations. A cowboy passing heard a whistling sound come from the earth and finding its source found the vast cavern known as Wind Cave.

More than any other place, Deadwood breathes of the atmosphere which is associated with the life of the Hills. In the latter seventies it was the rendezvous of the mining interests and continued the chief commercial center for several decades. The cowboys found it close enough so they might gather there and break the monotony of riding the range. The miners went

there to dissipate their clean-up, while engineers and scinetists came from across the seven seas, drawn by the yellow lure. Deadwood gradually envolved into a commercial city. Strategically located, it is the center for the distribution of supplies to a considerable number of mines. Lying at the foot of the "White Rocks," that rise 700 feet into the sunlight, Deadwood is virtually surrounded by the blue-black hills and gulches down which run streams where gold first lured the miner to dispossess the Indian.

The placer beds in Whitewood Creek, and for a mile above Deadwood, first attracted the gold rush in 1876. In this rush were many unique characters who haunted early day mining camps of the West. It was said that life there in the early eighties was more picturesque than in any other locality. Theodore Roosevelt liked Deadwood and Deadwood liked Roosevelt so much that through the efforts of the late President's old companion, Captain Seth Bullock, and other friends, a mountain



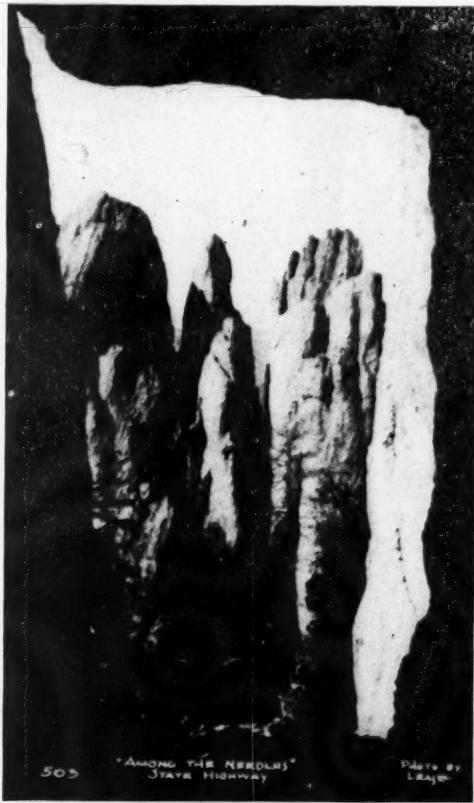
Rudolph Kaplan, one of Iowa's ambitious young deaf men, employed at the Brunswick-Blake-Collender Co., at Dubuque, Iowa.

above the city, with a clear view of the country over which Roosevelt was wont to wander, has been named Mt. Roosevelt, and on its crest there has been erected a handsome concrete monument to the memory of the Great American, a point that every tourist visits with more than passing pride.

The South Dakota Legion Song at the St. Paul Convention had this verse:

*California's got a Golden Gate,  
It's a beautiful sight to see.  
But the U. S. mint buys all their gold  
From the Homestake mine, by gee!*

The tourist is told that he has not really "done" these historic Black Hills until he has visited the Homestake Gold Mine, at Lead, claimed to be the greatest gold mine in the world. In 1876 Moses and Fred Manuel and Jake Harney discovered the Homestake gold ore lode (sometimes pronounced "leed" from which the city's name is derived). The next year, Senator George Hearst, father of William Randolph Hearst, and his associates organized the Homestake Company. It now has an annual output of \$6,000,000 worth of the precious yellow metal. The Homestake today represents



Among the Needles—Black Hills, S. D.

a cash outlay for property, improvements, and betterments of \$25,000,000, all but \$200,000 of which has been earned from operations. The sum of \$200,000 was the original cash capital of the company. At first the company had less than ten acres and has now over two thousand along the mineral zone, to say nothing of timber lands, lands bought for water rights, etc., all over the neighboring section. These holdings run into

the tens of thousands of acres. In 1926, Lead will have a mammoth Homestake Jubilee Celebration. It is on the Black and Yellow Trail, Deadwood and Denver Highway, and has branching roads to interesting historic places.

The highest peak in the Hills is Harney Peak, which rises to over seven thousand feet, the highest elevation



The Elk? Bad Lands, South Dakota

between the Rockies and the Atlantic. Far below may be seen Sylvan Lake and long reaches of the Needles Highway. In the neighborhood is a group of rocks that rise perpendicularly as high as a fifteen or more story office building. One of these has withstood the elements more than its neighbors and there remains a wide base from which there ascends a huge needle like piece of granite to a height of about two hundred feet. Gutzon Borglum, the famous sculptor, here found a setting for a national memorial.

According to a newspaper article Borglum has long held the vision of carving from this shaft a shrine, which would be a monument to Washington and Lincoln, the figures standing side by side. Situated among virtual mountains of red, purple and gold, their slopes dotted



Scene on the Needles Road, Custer State Park, Black Hills, S. D.

with towering pines, the proposed memorial rock may be seen for miles before the long, slowly ascending trail brings the visitor within its shadow. A group of South Dakota residents, who view the Black Hills as the greatest undeveloped wonderland in the United States, are interested in the proposed memorial, and it was on their advice that Borglum chose Washington and Lincoln, two outstanding figures in American History, whom he knew would appeal to the patriotism of every corner of the United States. Supporters of the memorial stated that the financial problem of \$1,000,000 would be met. Several wealthy persons have listened sympathetically to

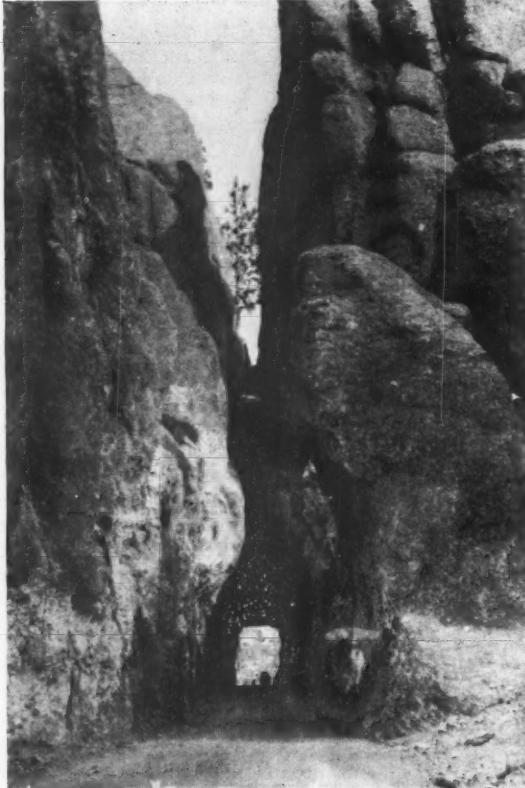
the plan, and it is understood one New York multi-millionaire virtually had agreed to finance the project single-handed.

Having mentioned a few of the unique features of these Hills I will now quote in part from Mr. Kaplan's account of his trip, in which I became interested at the

and Northern Minnesota. We went first to Egan, S. D., for a few days' visit with relatives and then went on our way westward to the Bad Lands and the Black Hills on the Custer Battlefield Highway. On that road near Chamberlain, they were erecting a new four-span bridge across the Missouri River, so our car had to be towed across on a boat at \$1.10 per trip.

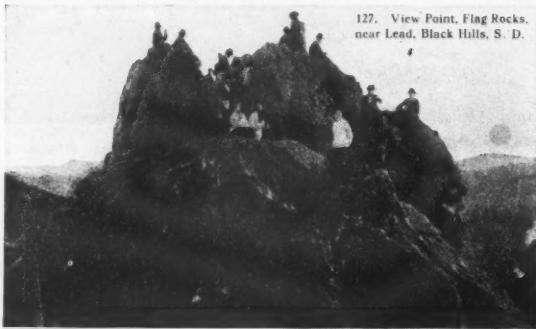
"Upon nearing the Bad Lands we took the Rainbow Trail Route to go through this section, and along that route the roads were very good. The Bad Lands are situated forty miles east of the Black Hills and are one of the most important badlands sections of the world. We drove about 100 miles going through on the Rainbow Trail. They are unique in formation and beauty and worthy a visit. In the Bad Lands fresh water is hard to get and at some of the cafes they served no water and some gave us rain water. Some of the small towns in the Bad Lands I speak of are from 15 to 40 miles apart.

"Leaving the Bad Lands we went to Rapid City, which has many steep, reddish hills. We had a swim in Evans Plunge Pool. It is claimed to be one of the best



*"The Tunnel"—Needles Road State Highway Near Custer, S. D. Photo. by A. Lease*

Cedar Rapids Convention of the Iowans last August, where he showed his friends a collection of snapshots and postcards. He did not recognize me, supposing me to be in Los Angeles, so his surprise was great when I asked for some of them for the SILENT WORKER.

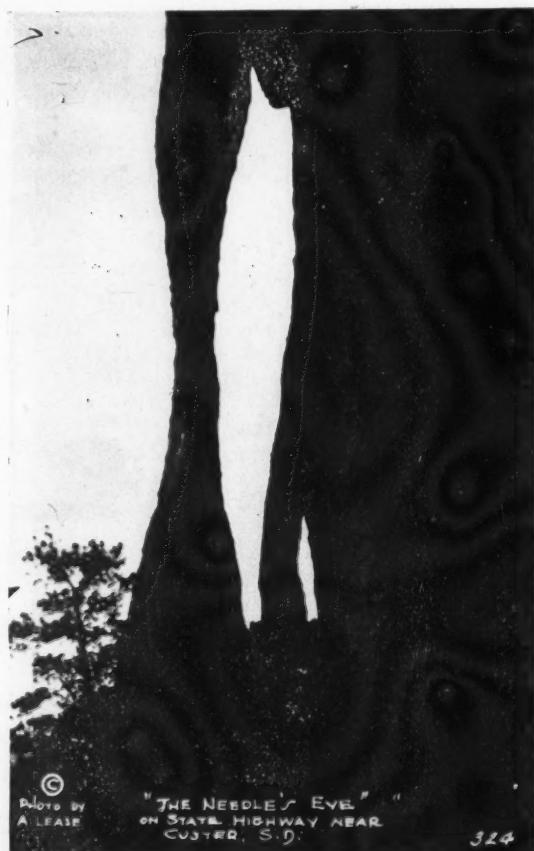


127. View Point, Flag Rocks,  
near Lead, Black Hills, S. D.

#### TRIP TO SOUTH DAKOTA AND NORTHERN MINNESOTA

BY RUDOLPH KAPLAN

"On August 1st my boyhood friend invited me to go along with him on a three weeks' trip to South Dakota



*"THE NEEDLE'S EYE"*  
ON STATE HIGHWAY NEAR  
CUSTER, S.D.

324

swimming pools in the world, as water is constantly flowing into the pool from underneath a large hill and flows direct out of the pool. From where that water was flowing could not be seen. Also on one of the streets can be seen a spring coming out at a curbing and flowing down the street at a good rapid rate.

"From Rapid City we went to visit Wind Cave, which is in the Black Hills twelve miles from that City. It is named Wind Cave because of the force of a current of air blowing swiftly in and out of the mouth. It is

goes through a few tunnels and along some steep mountain sides. The far famed Needles are on this road, and are made easy and pleasant to visit by bold and

[started to go back east, stopping at Peever, S. D., to visit my friend's relatives. One Saturday night while our car was parked on the street in the business section of Aber-



*Lowering men in double-deck cages, Homestake Mine, Lead, South Dakota*

skillful engineering. After going through the Black Hills we came to Lead, the home of the World's Greatest Gold Mine, which uses the most modern methods of separating the gold from the raw ore, of which they handle 4000 tons each 24 hours. The city of Lead is owned mostly by the mine and has a wonderful recreation building erected by the Homestake Mine for



*Upon the dry grass of the Bad Lands that was not taken up by the glaciers*

dean, S. D., some thief had stolen my kodak from the rear box of the Ford coupe and I lost some of my chances to take a good many more snapshots.

At Solway, Minnese a we stayed a short time with my friend's relatives. That country is covered with spruce



*Tea Kettle Butte, Bad Lands*

the benefit of its employees, but is open to all visitors. It contains a fine plunge and rooms and equipment for all manner of indoor sports and a fine large theater and a free library. From Lead we went to Spearfish Canyon along ten miles of a narrow road, down through Icebox Canyon to Hell's Gate. In the stream here are rainbow or speckled trout and nearby is a fine camping ground and many cottages.

"We went as far as the Wyoming state line, then

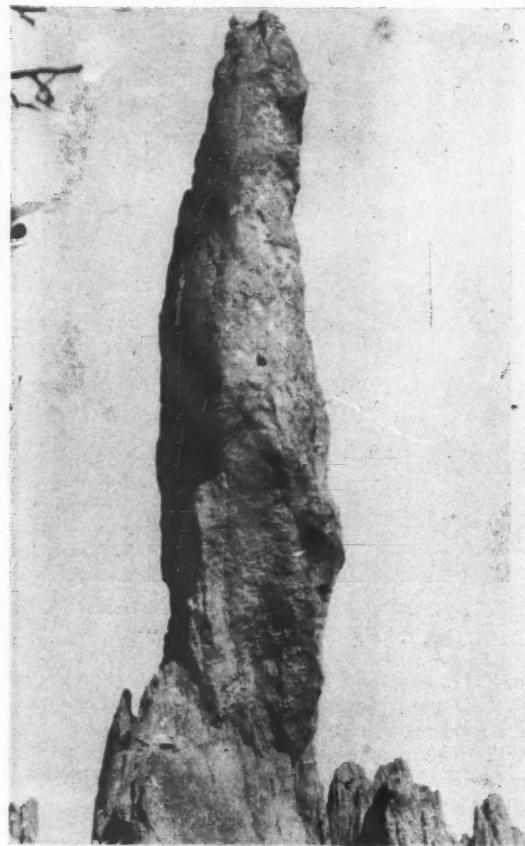


*Corn in a dry spell season in Southern South Dakota*



*Petrified Stump, Bad Lands*

trees and has had a number of bad forest fires.] These people have 200 acres and there is a small creek running through their land. In that creek there are many beavers that do a lot of damage; they can gnaw down trees over twelve inches in diameter, and drag them into the creek



*The Knife Blade rocks on the Needle's Road*

to make a dam; some of the dams I saw were four feet high. Beavers live on fishes and they have destroyed nearly all the fish in that creek. There were a lot of fishes to be seen years ago, but none are to be seen at present.

"We came home through Minneapolis and St. Paul. It was the first long auto trip for us both. We had seven nights' sleeping outdoors, with only a few hours' sleep each night, so if we ever plan another trip, we will take along a camping outfit. After our three weeks' trip I attended the I. A. D. Convention at Cedar Rapids. I can say it proved to be a successful convention and a very good crowd was in attendance."

A few words regarding Mr. Kaplan will be of interest. Since his graduation from the Iowa School for the Deaf a few years ago, he has been in the employ of the Brunswick-Blake-Collender Co., of Dubuque, Iowa. In the fall of 1923, there were thirty-eight deaf workers at the Brunswick factory, when some of them were laid off they left Dubuque and got jobs in other towns. At the date on which Mr. Kaplan wrote (late in November, 1925) there were fifteen deaf men working at the Brunswick factory of whom five had been there for over ten years. The Company does not allow the deaf to run any machines, according to the Iowa Compensation Law. The deaf men are placed as rubbers, sanders and cleaners. The Company has published statements expressing satisfaction with the work of their deaf employees. The Dubuque Silent Club was organized in the fall of 1923. The National Building and Loan Association of the Deaf was organized through Dr. H. G. Langworthy, in June 1924. It is incorporated under the laws of Iowa and we notice among the names of the officers and directors those of a number of prominent Dubuque Deaf people. Its object is to safely invest the savings of its members in first mortgages on real estate. It confines its loaning to conservative loans, where the real estate can be personally inspected by the organization's appraisal Committee. It is subject to state supervision and examination under the strict controlling building and loan laws of Iowa. It seems to have been mostly a local enterprise to date but hopes to grow to be a really national association.

## What Am I ?

Upon the frosty deep I sail,  
Fearless of wrecking storm or gale;  
My form in wondrous fields is seen,  
That never knew a blade of green;  
No flowret from their breasts can spring,  
For I would blight the lovely thing.  
No brooklet o'er them wanders free—  
It's life would die at touch of me.  
No freshening breezes, soft and light,  
Stir ever to my frowning sight.  
I am of earth, yet earth to me  
Is an untrodden mystery.  
In piercing cold, in frozen blast,  
My course I take, my path I cast;  
No human power can stop my way,  
Untiring still by night, by day.  
Danger and death I bring with me,  
And mock at man's impotency—  
But if a touch of God's warm sun  
Upon me fall, I am undone.

Down, down, I sink in slow decay,  
And pass forevermore away.

KATHERINE BLAKE.

BRONX, N. Y.

(Try a trip on me, SILENT WORKER!)



Few of the two hundred deaf attending the "Arabian Night" entertainment, in Rochester last November. It was one of the biggest successes of the year.



# PUBLIC OPINION

By Dr. J. H. Cloud

It should always be remembered that words, though difficult to get, give the deaf a medium for the exchange of ideas that enables them to communicate with all men, while signs, though easily gotten, limit their communication to the deaf part of the population, less than 4 in 10,000.—James Coffee Harris.

**I**Kewise it should always be remembered that the ability to sign does not preclude the ability to speak nor does the ability to speak preclude the ability to sign. A good working knowledge of one or more languages can be carried advantageously in the same cranium and prove mighty useful on occasion. The deaf should not be limited in their communication to the 4 or to the 10,000 but to the 10,004. This they are able to do under able instructors using the Combined System. One of the stock arguments of the oralists is that a knowledge of the sign language limits a person to the communication with those who know the language. When the deaf who have left school associate with one another it is from choice, not from necessity. Only a small fraction of their time is given to such association as compared to the time spent in the work-a-day world among hearing people.

We hear a great deal about the necessity for an "oral atmosphere" in schools for the deaf, as if such a desideratum would automatically solve the educational problem. Since the avowed object of a school is a good all-round education why not stress the "literary atmosphere,"—illustrated graded reading in great variety, abundance, and of easy ascent directed and encouraged by capable and enthusiastic teachers of reading, story telling, and conversation? The reading habit once formed will take care of itself in later years and is the best possible educational investment a deaf person can make. The "literary atmosphere" should develop for the most part along the line of least resistance and the most interest,—orally where easily possible, by manual spelling, with the sign language to add vividness and realism to the subject matter.

We are informed that Mr. Lyman Steed, Assistant Superintendent of the Mt. Airy School has been appointed superintendent of the Oregon School and takes charge in January. Both Mr. Steed and the Oregon School have our congratulations.—*North Dakota Banner*.

Mr. Gruver from Iowa to Mt. Airy; Mr. McIntire from Oregon to Iowa; Mr. Steed from Mt. Airy to Oregon. A pretty fair turn about.

The following extract from the latest report submitted to the Board of Visitors of the Maryland School by Superintendent Bjorlee is well worth passing around:

## THE DEAF AND THE AUTOMOBILE

"In accordance with your vote of June, a resolution requested Col. Baughman to extend equal rights to the deaf of securing permits to operate motor vehicles on the public highways was drawn and copies submitted to Governor Ritchie and Colonel Baughman. I presented the copy to Governor Ritchie in person and received from him a reiteration of a statement previously made that he could see no valid reason why the deaf should not be permitted to drive, adding that he would so inform Col. Baughman, but that he did not wish to interfere with the Commissioner's office in matters of public safety on the highways.

"Maryland is the only State in the Union which deprives the deaf of the right to drive and even goes so far as to prevent deaf drivers bearing licenses from other states from motoring through the State, in spite of the fact that the automobile commissioners of such States as New York, Massachusetts and California, have gone on record with voluntary statements to the effect that the deaf have proven themselves thoroughly competent.

In August there will be a large gathering in Washington under the auspices of the National Association of the Deaf. Deaf drivers attending this Convention will come from all sections of our country, many of them will be obliged to pass through this state and I feel it our duty to do all within our power to prevent their detention if apprehended within our boundaries.

\* \* \*

The outstanding feature of the Rochester School during the administration of the late Dr. Westervelt was the encouragement given to the use of manual spelling on the part of the pupils where ordinarily signs might have been used. The *Rochester Advocate* carried a fine large sized illustration of the manual alphabet on its last cover page with an historical sketch and suggestions as to the use of the alphabet on the inside cover page. While we were in charge of Gallaudet School here in St. Louis there was a constant demand on the part of the pupils for this alphabet page to take home to give to some relative or friend. It was a work of art of which to be proud. The *Rochester Advocate* no longer carries the manual alphabet. Its last cover page is bare. The dropping of the alphabet may be a sop to the oralists but with no real advantage to the pupils. It is pleasing to observe in this connection that the *Michigan Mirror* carries the manual alphabet on its fourth cover page. Now that quite a number of school papers have adopted the magazine form the fourth cover page could not be put to better use than for displaying the manual alphabet.

\* \* \*

Not very long ago there was a meeting in the assembly room of the St. Louis Board of Education composed largely of proponents of oralism and of the Combined System. One of the speakers on that occasion was a physician who acclaimed the wonders of oralism by saying that the "signers," as he called them, were dependents and unable to obtain work while the lip readers landed the jobs without difficulty. An emphatic growl of dissent went up from the "signers" present at this remark which was silenced by the chairman's gavel. Such dense ignorance as

to the actual facts as was evinced by this physician is most unfortunate since the uninformed public takes it for granted that a member of the medical profession is apt to be pretty well and accurately informed. The speaker was either lying or did not know that many of the signers in attendance and hundreds not present were employed in positions they had obtained themselves and which they were retaining on their merits. He doubtless knew of the local organization which assists in placing "lip readers" in employment and which at the same time refuses to extend any help to "signers." In this connection it is quite refreshing as well as encouraging to come across such a statement as appeared editorially in recent issue of the *Ohio Chronicle* a part of which we quote below:

#### FORTY THREE DEAF PERSONS EMPLOYED

Now comes a request from a Cleveland firm asking for information about the sign language and finger spelling. The person who made the request wants to learn them. The reason is that the firm has forty three deaf people employed and has no way of communicating but by writing.

Such information as we had was gladly sent. We hope some of the deaf people employed will take an interest in teaching some person connected with the business the sign language and finger spelling. If any can talk fairly well that fact should be made known and the speech should be used. Out of forty three there ought to be a number who can speak well.

The employer is Mr. Max Badstuber of 7412 Halle Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. He appears to be much interested and the deaf should meet him much more than half way.

We hope also that in the near future Mr. Badstuber can join Henry Ford in saying that the deaf are one hundred per cent in their work, attention to business and good behavior.

\* \* \*

#### THE E. M. GALLAUDET MEMORIAL

The National Committee aims to raise \$50,000 for the erection of a Memorial Hall on the college campus in honor of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet. Twelve thousand dollars has already been raised mostly by the graduates and ex-students. The college people are still giving and will give all they can, but they will not be able to raise all of the \$50,000 by themselves, so the committee has extended an invitation to all the deaf people in the country, whether they are college people or not, to contribute. Every deaf person is asked to give \$1.00 or more. Friends of deaf people may give. College graduates are expected to donate \$50.00 and ex-students \$25.00.—*Nebraska Journal*.

Considering the comparatively short time the memorial project has been under way and the number of alumni and former students of the college the amount raised, now nearing the \$13,000 mark, represents a goodly sum. Individuals and chapters in a number of states are earnestly striving to raise the quota assigned them by the memorial committee. According to the latest available report the following states with a quota approximating \$12,000 have no agents: Arizona, Colorado, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Nevada, Utah, Wisconsin and Wyoming.

If the memorial building project eventually succeeds, well and good. It will prove a useful ornament on Kendall Green. Personally, we are unable to enthuse over a national memorial to Edward Minor Gallaudet taking the form of a building. Nor do we believe such a form of memorial represents the consensus of opinion of either the alumni or former students of the college. The memorial building was decided upon by a rather fairly attended convention and not without some opposition. The great body of alumni and former students were not present and were not consulted. The memorial committee made out a quota and set a time limit with no response from quite a number of states. The time limit has been extended "for another year" and is likely to be extended, frequently, in the

future unless some rich alumnus comes across with the balance due to make up the desired total. Apathy over the building project does not indicate any lack of appreciation of the services of Dr. Gallaudet or of the benefits derived from the college. More accurately speaking, the form of the memorial does not command the necessary national response.

The most fitting and at the same time the most generally useful form of memorial to Edward Minor Gallaudet would be a publication fund for the maintenance and diffusion of the principles for which Dr. Gallaudet was a life-long, able, and consistent exponent,—principles which are the embodiment of sanity, justice and truth,—principles effecting profoundly for all time the educational, social, industrial, moral and religious welfare of the deaf,—principles which the public must know and appreciate if the deaf of this and future generations are to come unto their own.

The hope of the deaf lies in the press. With a memorial fund sufficient to assure a permanent, able, and independent publication, *The Gallaudet Review*, if you please, the deaf will have an ever ready and effective means for educating the public as to the deaf.

Only those who have had to carry on as Dr. Gallaudet carried on, and as we have had to carry on for years here in St. Louis, against falsehood, misrepresentation, trumpery, imposition, and ignorance on the part of exploiters of the deaf, can begin to appreciate the need and the possibilities of an ample and independent publication fund devoted to the welfare of the deaf and at the same time serve as a memorial to their great champion—Edward Minor Gallaudet.



James Arnold, the two year old hearing son of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Weisheipl, of Oshkosh, Wis.

## JOURNALISM

By THOMAS O. GRAY

**G**IVE me my paper," growled the head of the family, "I must read the news so as to be posted on the week's events." And thus he got his repertory of news knowing well that the investment was worth the time spent to sum up the events in a lump sum. Papers, whether weekly or daily, are very cheap in spite of the great amount of reading matter stuck into them. They are read by the subscriber, his neighbors, and their friends and then used to wrap up "Dad's" lunch or resold to the junk man. All of this has been done without giving a single thought to the great number of words they contain. The delicate mechanism known as the linotype, the monotype, and the great presses which unceasingly toil turning out from a thousand to a hundred thousand at a time, are wonders of the inventive genius of some of our great Americans. The Deaf as well as the more fortunate are engaged in the pleasant art of Journalism. Though not as advanced as the hearing they have done wonders despite their handicap.

I take up this subject knowing full well its value to the reading public because there are a great many various articles which are read every day that contain food for thought. But the reader never stops to think right, he or she may just pick up a paper, scan with a wide visionary sweep the entire page then dump it in the ash can. This is done without giving any idea to the expense. They may look at a couple of pennies as a nuisance, then proceed to get rid of them by tossing them upon a newsstand. Were they to keep track of these "little grains of sand" for a number of years they would be surprised to find the pennies grew into a mountain, that is into a large sum of money. And to imagine all this money being thrown away!

Looking over the "graveyard" of journalism we find "here lies" many would-be ambitious deaf papers started with high hopes of becoming king of the journalistic field. But like those "gone on before" their management happened to be in the hands of inexperienced men about as "green as a gourd." It reminds me of the time when I was traveling on horseback through the arid plains of Montana. This region was strewn with the skeletons of starved creatures reminiscent of the wild life before the settlers conquered the roving bands of Indians known as the Sioux tribe. About fifty miles north of Billings, that state, as I was returning from a hunting trip with a party of friends a tombstone was discovered bearing this inscription:

"I done my dardnest; the angels did not have done more."

It's pretty poor English but the sentiment is there, and it rightfully expresses the feelings of those lamented journals.

Those that have the strong arm of the state to support them enjoy life unmolested and are generally known as the l. p. f. Through not running a large subscription list their mere existence depends upon the appropriations set aside for the education of pupils in the art of printing. Newspapers as a whole can be separated into nine classes and each class constituted its own contents. The editorials are written in such a manner that they explain in a convincing way to the reader the authentical or the deceptive attitude of certain problems. They generally lead readers to form their own conclusions and persuading them to act favorably or unfavorably with con-

ditions these articles creates in them. The average reader places a great deal of thought in the news stories dealing in prevalent conditions of local, national, and state questions. Most of the writers classified as correspondents use their own judgment in interpreting articles written by them. These articles are always in harmony with the policies governing the publication of certain newspapers. Disagreeing with the policies governing such editorial writings forces writers to seek environment elsewhere where their idea conforms to accepted standards.

These news gatherers are generally conceded to be private commercial enterprise, the same as a public utility, that is, a public institution serving to establish its relation to society as a whole. Thus it is very essential that the organization have a complete mastery of sinister influence to serve its readers honestly and fearlessly. It's the hard-pressed paper that is sensitive to evil tendencies the same as a man in desperate circumstances.

The mistake made by many would-be journalists is trying to raise their newspaper by using a moisture of advertising matter in lieu of sufficient subscribers. They have the erroneous impression that with the advertising space sold the paper can thrive on this income until the subscription list picks up. This idea though wrong is evidently copied from the policy of the *Saturday Evening Post* whose advertising space covers many pages, but they forget that the reader's pennies bring in the advertiser's dollars. The more the circulation the higher the cost to the advertising public, because more read their advertisements. If readers lose confidence in a paper it's a sure cinch those who advertise will immediately follow suit. This emphasizes the fact that good newspaper editing must bear the stamp of reliability, and fairness, in order to hold its reputation as a leading journal.

A newspaper editor seriously interested in the successful management of his paper bends every effort to acquire and assemble the news in a most perfect form. Ordinarily, news articles are written to harmonize with the adopted standards; this applies the same to the editor and copy-reader as well as to the writer of the news. He generally sets up a rule that all news articles must tell what happened, and in the most attractive, simplest, and accurate manner. The writer takes care to keep himself free from drawn conclusions, avoids accusations and strives to steer clear of speculative opinions. He may offer a justifiable atmospheric attitude but should never attempt to mislead readers by misrepresenting facts. The best results are gotten when writers assume an attitude of impartiality.

Journalists and reporters who are adept at gathering good news are often rewarded by being permitted to sign their name to a well written narrative. But a great many of the most experienced reporters, that is, the flower of the news reporting profession, never have their names published. These are the writers that have more freedom of expression as well as knowledge of prominent men and affairs. These writers have individual space which they are given from time to time to cultivate attractive blocs for readers whose interests are concentrated on their work. They are carefully trained writers whose temperamental expression conveys blended harmony with that of the editorial staff. Their articles are often used as a basis of comprehensive, constructive opinion forma-

tion. Often readers criticize severely their assertions, opinions, and invariably disagree, but on the whole this criticism is welcomed as constructive material.

Most of those lamented journals were "one man" newspapers because they were started by an "all around" printer who is the editor, reporter and proof-reader. This lone man solicits the advertising, sets the type, assembles the forms, throws in the boiler plates, putting the forms on the press and starts up the snorting gasoline engine, grinding out copies of his publication. He often is offered settlement for job work in "trade," though praying fervently that this will not happen. Among these weeklies were the *Deaf American* and the *Silent Courier*.

Considering "what is news" we find that most all the leading dailies have a system of classification which is used to sift out the different forms of arithmetical value of news. Suppose we hear of a recipe for making bread or cake. It is not classified as news but make a new recipe which will cut the cost of making bread in half, this is rich in news. If you suggest an article from which explains the making of bread out of sawdust it can be adjusted as freakish news. All food articles are treated as news because they carry the information for the speculative world. This is a progression of events which shows its action and reaction on human kind. Routine news is often of great interest, especially, whenever controversial disputes arise over the laws of supply and demand. However, it is very hard to make any definition of real news because none of the modern solutions tell the whole story. The field is of vast expanse and the factors so numerous it's impossible to arrive at an understanding. But it is easily discerned what is accepted as good news when you write any information which affects the emotions of readers and stimulates thought. The woven work, styled as fiction, is very attractive to both young and old readers because it contains dramatic experiences, human beings, and is full of action.

The size of a newspaper field is responsible for the set standards of its publication. In a hamlet we may be interested in a blacksmith getting his thumb smashed working at his anvil, or the ashes being scattered over a sidewalk, but in a metropolitan field these trifles would not attract any interest because so many such things happen from time to time that it multiplies them to infinity. The village weekly may often find it hard to scrape up enough news to fill its columns, while the larger dailies are compelled to resort to sifting of all its news in order to select the best available—that is, pick out the most interesting, valuable and pressing. These papers can seldom prescribe some sets of standards, because value shift day by day and hour by hour as is shown by the various editions. These different copies are selected by gathering up all the latest happenings and comparing them to what is in the previous edition, arriving at their news value. This is the decision of the various departments through the functioning of editorial conferences and the study of all manuscripts.

There is nothing so injurious to the reputation of a newspaper as the publication of stale news. It is the things that just happened that count most of all. But the rivalry between the morning and the afternoon newspapers in dealing out instantaneous news is very keen. Were the evening paper to be a mere repetition of the news published in the morning paper and the morning paper contained the same carried by the afternoon paper the next day it would not take long for these two to enter the "graveyard" of journalism. Longevity of the leading papers is computed from the life they lead, the

same as human beings. If a man indulges in dissipation he is marked for a shorter life, and, the same can be said of a popular newspaper notwithstanding its great financial resources. It can be shot to pieces within a few days by the publication of improper news.

Journalism, like law and order, has its own policemen. They are generally regarded as constructive critics by the inexperienced reporter. He relies upon their assistance to attain proficiency in the art of writing, while the experienced writer considers these men as props, that is, support in their quest for following the right procedure. These men are the copyreader and his assistants, and to these the whole force of a newspaper personnel depend upon for accuracy in the functioning of their institution for news distribution. Copyreaders guard against illiteracy and strives to insert the correct word directing the right meaning, improving the whole story, making it convincing and more effective. He is held responsible for the publication of dangerous and libelous statements which are calculated to invite a law suit, or, to open up channels from which enter a flood of protesting letters. He boils down the great amount of news passing through his hands so it will show everything in the least number of words. His desk is generally looked upon as the main artery from which all the laundered news emerges.

Copyreaders sometimes are confused with proofreaders, but the truth is easily explained. The former is an editor; he edits manuscript, that is, makes his corrections in the body of the text. The proofreader is there to correct the proofs which are in the impressions of the typed sheets. Copyreaders must detect all derogatory articles containing too much personal aroma. If the newspaper publishes such articles they are made defendants in libelous suits. If an editor is found guilty of criminal libel he faces a prison term, or a fine. Because of the great vigilance of the copyreader such suits are very rare. Each state has its own laws to protect its citizens from the publication of wrongful newspaper articles. Numerous phrases are used as loop holes to escape these laws. "It is alleged," "it is reported," "it is said," etc., are some of those used, but leading lawyers versed in the criminal code assert these expressions do not really remove the defendant from liability.

"A libel," according to the Illinois criminal code, "is a malicious defamation, expressed either by printing, or by signs or pictures, or the like, tending to blacken the memory of one who is dead, or to impeach the honesty, integrity, virtue, or reputation, or publish the natural defects of one who is alive, and thereby to expose him to public hatred, contempt, ridicule or financial injury."

Journalism is just like all other trades; it has to discover reporters the same as a manufacturer must look among his flock of employees for a man whose qualifications prompt them to pick him out for a position of trust and responsibility. First class reporters are very scarce, hence the addition of instruction in the numerous colleges to assist young men desiring newspaper training. There is undoubtedly a great deal of truth in saying that good reporters are born and not made. The editor of a newspaper who has been fortunate enough to find a first-class man out of a dozen prospects considers himself very fortunate. The paper which has been able to corral a half-dozen al men for its staff is sure to cause its nearest competitor much concern. A man may learn how to gather some kind of news, and how to write correctly, but if he cannot see the romantic or vital point of an incident and be able to express what he sees in words so that others will see as through his eyes, his work, even if no particular fault can be found with it,

will not excell, because there is, if one stops to think, a great difference between something that is absent of faults and something that is loaded with good points. In the opinion of several editors, the qualifications that exist in one to become a successful newspaper man exist in the start, and no matter how many obstacles must be overcome to attain proficiency, it often can be attained.

The man who has the ability to see news when it exists, and to spot or pick out the features in it which are most worthy of exploitation, is considered to be a first-class reporter. Ability to judge the incidents of a story does not, however, of itself guarantee that a man will make a finished reporter. Ideas and intuition are not of much value unless they are properly put in action. Acquirements which fit a good reporter are the ability to decide what news are wanted; to secure it, and last to put this information on paper in a plausible manner. Love of work, a good memory, alertness, resourcefulness and enthusiasm are possessed by the successful writer and reporter. He possesses keen powers of observation, has ability to write entertainingly and coupled with natural tendencies makes him a first grade class. But it must be understood most of the young men who look forward to becoming journalists will find a great variety of disagreeable jobs in store for them, just the same as one in any other line of work. Often before having served a week on the job they begin to have doubts confront them because there is no coddling to be found in a newspaper office. Besides he is severely criticised and is sent on errands that do not promise much, a beginner comes to the conclusion he is not treated fair. His first story may be used for decorating the bottom of the waste basket, but the face value of the job is that the editor is kind enough to allow him to perform certain work enabling him to hold his place.

Journalism offers the opportunity of winning many prizes. Any man who possesses common sense, a common school education, good health, and ambition, can find art of writing news and stories very remunerative. The work is very pleasant, being free from the usual dullness, with promotion swift to the deserving. In other places it is undoubtedly harder for one, no matter how energetic or qualified, to become wealthy. There are many small and medium-sized prizes to be found in the journalistic field. Big prizes may be few but there are no limits to the compensation to be gained through this profession. It leads to almost everything and cannot be excelled.

But in journalism, like many other fields, there are present a lot of croakers. These are the ones who begin to tell the others their troubles when time begins to hang heavily on their hands. They wish they had gone in on something else, especially those who have seen the longest service. Sometimes the men most successful are the ones frequently dissatisfied. They think they could have done much better than those who took up other pursuits and won greater rewards than is to be found in newspaper work. However, on losing his job the most persistent grumbler forgets all about the desire to try something else and makes a bee line to another newspaper office for a job. Even the experienced and efficient men who voluntarily give up their newspaper work will find themselves drifting back into it. The love of journalism develops into magnetism that is hard to resist. This is shown in the act of an editor of the *Chicago Daily News* resigning to take up work in the University of Chicago. That happened a year ago, and recently he returned to his old job.

Having given some of the delights of journalism it must not be taken to indicate there are no drawbacks.

It would not be fair to omit them, because any one going in for newspaper work is sure to have them called to his attention. They will confront him before he has seen a few weeks' service. They are favorite topics of conversation among newspaper workers. In spite of this the editor's office is besieged by men looking for an opening every day. This is due to the influx of small town reporters to the environs of a great city with the hope their ability will carry them to fame and fortune. The most optimistic editor will tell you that this exists, and from which there is no escape. The over-crowding can be traced to the ease with which newspaper work may be entered.

## Unusual Occupations For The Deaf

Daniel Cadden is officer No. 41, and the only deaf member of the park police force of Baltimore. He has been employed in Patterson Park for eighteen years and has a record of many arrests.

Edgar C. Luther of Hartford is a genius with carving tools. During his spare time he carves various miniature articles from beach stones. Mr. Luther is neither a carver nor an engraver by trade, being one of Underwood Typewriter Works employees—an assembler, we believe—so it speaks all the more for his ability with tools to be able to get out such delicate work, as anyone who attempted it can well understand.—*The Frat*.

Rush Johnigan, the deaf detective and night watchman of Coleman, Texas, seems to be one of those that keep the little western city on the go. He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce of that town.—*The Lone Star*.

Charles F. Pence, of Wright, Minn., is driving the school bus that serves four school districts, in addition to his work on his farm. He says he gets along all right with the children and appreciates the responsibilities that go with each load in these days of reckless driving.

—*The Frat*.

G. P. Webb, graduate of the Kentucky School, is State Hunter and Trapper, operating in Umatilla County, Oregon. His work is to rid the country of wolves, bears, mountain-lions and bob-cats that prey upon the flocks, and the elk and deer of the section. He learned to shoot in the Kentucky mountains.—*Exchange*



*Party of officers and teachers from the Tennessee School exploring Devils Cave near the Tennessee River 1½ miles from the school. The state is honeycombed with such caves, some rivalling those of Kentucky and Virginia.*

# THE ARGONAUT

*By J. W. Howson*

**S**T. IN THE February issue of the SILENT WORKER, Mr. Miles Sweeney, secretary of the New Jersey Branch of the Nad, sets forth some radical reforms in the manner of organizing and conducting the Nad. It is pleasing to see the interest which Mr. Sweeney manifests, though I cannot agree with his ideas as a whole.

Mr. Sweeney characterizes the present endowment fund plan as suicide. It should, he states, be abolished immediately. Possibly so. In my report to the Atlanta convention as chairman of the law committee of the Association, provision was made for this endowment fund plan to be discussed and altered or abolished, if members present at the convention so desired. As every one knows this committee report was never presented, though in the hands of those in charge of the convention.

To state that the plan of the endowment fund is suicide is stretching the point. As Mr. Sweeney states an income from the fund when it reaches \$50,000, at six per cent interest, will amount to \$3000. He figures this will be a decent salary for the president; but he quite overlooks the fact that \$3000 is the annual dues at 50 cents each of 6000 members. Are there now 6000 members of the Nad? Were there ever 6000 members fully paid up over the usual three-year period between conventions?

Furthermore there is no limit to the size of the endowment fund. Mr. Sweeney figures the Nad income should be \$25,000, at least, and to get it all from the endowment fund the latter would have to reach the sum of \$400,000, which he terms prohibitive. Why should it be considered prohibitive? The N.F.S.D. has funds far

The only limit at the \$50,000 dollar mark of the endowment fund under its present plan is that when this sum is reached annual dues cease and the only way one can become a member of the association is through the payment of \$5.00, whereby he automatically becomes a life member of the association. Let us see what this \$5 represents. At six per cent interest it is equal to 30 cents or more than half the annual dues of 50 cents a member. And there are no lapses, to say nothing of the expenses of collecting and recording these dues. Furthermore, the interest does not cease upon the death of a mem-



*Mr. and Mrs. Peter Musladin basking in California's sunshine, and pining away for the effete East, perhaps. Detroit friends, please take notice.*



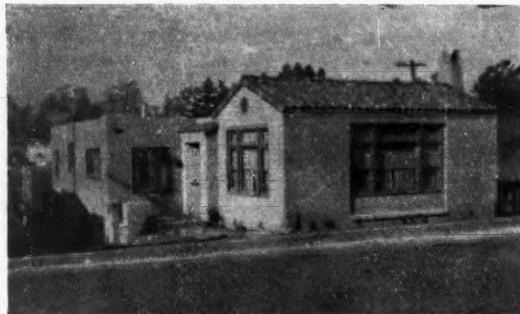
*M. and Mrs. Peter Musladin, upon their arrival in California after a year spent in the East. The trip both ways was made with the car shown in the picture. By the way neither the car nor its occupants show any signs of wear or tear, but it was some strenuous trip the latter will aver*

above that sum, with a membership of 5000, whereas Mr. Sweeney is working on a basis of 50,000 members for the Nad.

ber as his dues performance would, but goes on forever.

Mr. Sweeney states it is more difficult to secure a member at \$5.00 than at \$1.00, the present initiation fee. True enough, but to obtain \$5.00 from the prospect at one time is far easier than to try and get \$5.00, \$1.00 down and the balance in eight yearly installments. A large proportion of the Nad memberships are secured at the white heat of convention time, and most of these memberships are merely transient, to be forgotten as soon as the convention moves on to some other locality. Rest assured that with the choice of coming across with \$5.00 to join the association or being left out in the cold, very few in attendance at conventions will choose the latter course. Then they become members for all time. The membership of the association becomes permanent and solidified. After all \$5.00 is not such a large sum. It

is the initiation fee into the Frat, and the Frat has a large and growing membership. Then consider what an addition to the endowment fund these memberships at \$5 at each convention time would make to the endowment fund. At each convention from now on the endowment fund would be increased at least \$10,000. The convention officials at Washington are trying to hurdle the first \$10,000 in the endowment fund. Then the present plan, if not abolished will have its first try out. Should the \$10,000 mark in the endowment fund be passed before convention assembles, new members to the association will



*This well appointed bungalow, in fashionable Piedmont, was erected by D. H. Goodrich. Mr. Goodrich is a contractor of experience who has been building houses for more than twenty years. A second house built by Mr. Goodrich can be seen faintly in the rear.*

find themselves paying an initiation fee of \$2.00, while old members will ascertain that their yearly dues have been decreased from 50 cents to 35 cents. The endowment fund will be a tremendous gainer by this shifting in rates.

It may be that the \$10.00 life membership plan now in force is sufficient for the Nad. It is certainly working very well. The endowment fund is leaning heavily upon these \$10.00 life memberships for its expected increase. Each \$10.00 at six per cent yields 60 cents interest yearly, more than the annual dues of an individual, and this as noted before goes on forever with a minimum of expense and care to the Nad officials. However, the \$10.00 plan is not at all embracing; it reaches only a small proportion of the members. It works very well with the present plan of the endowment fund. It is being put into force only by appeal; the association is using the income from annual dues for current expenses. With a \$50,000 fund back of it and an income from this fund greater than the association now enjoys, the Nad will be in a position to enforce life memberships on all the reduced and entirely reasonable rate of \$5.00.

Mr. Sweeney has a plan for securing permanency of membership in the Nad by assessing each member of his ideal membership of 50,000, one cent whenever any member of the association has completed 30 years of membership. This would amount to \$500, a truly tempting offer and it would be a fine thing for the first few members, but as time wore on these thirty years memberships would increase to a prohibitive figure. I have no exact data at hand, but believe from statements I have heard covering somewhat similar situations, there would in a membership of 50,000 be about 80 such memberships maturing monthly. Then the young man of 20 would find himself joining an association in which the yearly dues are 50 cents and the yearly assessments \$9.60, a not at all tempting bait for the \$500 which he would receive at the age of 50, should he maintain his membership until that time.

Mr. Sweeney also puts forth a plan of life insurance. It seems to me that this field is pretty well covered by the N.F.S.D., and the Nad should not make any attempt to venture therein. After all the Nad organization is not a matter of finances, solely. Its field should be largely political, a moulder of public sentiment in behalf of the interests of the deaf. I myself saw with my own eyes a shrewd hearing politician, who didn't wish to be pestered by political activities of the deaf, say, "Get the deaf interested in a home for the aged and infirm deaf, and then they will lay off of politics. Get them to fighting amongst themselves and they will cease to fight us." To the credit of the deaf who witnessed these remarks, they then and there decided to bury the old home idea, and made more than the usual effort to preserve peace within their ranks. The Nad needs a large endowment fund, sufficient income for expenses, a large and permanent membership, and then it needs to square off and fight for the rights of the deaf.

Mr. Sweeney figures that enlarging our association to include members from Canada would necessitate changing the name national to international. The N.F.S.D. now has lodges in Canada, but there is no evidence of a change in name. Mr. Sweeney characterizes the whole voting system of the Nad as absurd in referring to voting by proxy." It has been brought to my attention that only life members should be allowed to vote by proxy. How does this seem to you, Mr. Sweeney? Giving the life members some special privileges might be a big thing for the Nad.

Mr. Sweeney advocates formation of branches in every state in the Union. This is a hope that has long beat in the breasts of many a Nad stalwart. Only recently have I received a letter from a well informed deaf lady advocating the idea. How these branches may be made stable and permanent is the difficulty to be faced. We had them here in California, but lack of a home office feeding out matters of interest to the branches seemed to be the chief cause of decay. Mr. Sweeney has a flourishing branch of the Nad in New Jersey, and if I have not agreed with many of his ideas anent the Nad, this must not be taken to mean that I do not fully commend and admire his interest in the association.

Strictly speaking, the \$5.00 life membership of the



*A couple of cottages, one completed, the other just started. Being built by D. H. Goodrich. A third house to the rear is included in the group, but is not shown in the picture.*

N. A. D., according to the by-laws, comes into effect upon the endowment fund reaching the sum of \$40,000. In case a member is reluctant about paying the \$5.00 at once, provision is made in the by-laws for six yearly payments of \$1.00. It will then be still possible to secure new members at an initial payment of \$1.00 as at pre-

sent, though of course stress would naturally be made to complete the transaction at once with a single payment of \$5.00.

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The California Association of the Deaf, familiarly referred to by the deaf of the state as the Nad, held a directors' meeting and open house to the deaf of the section of the state. Mrs. Howard Terry, feminine president of the Association, made a journey all the way up from Los Angeles to be present, a trip counting the mileage both ways amounting to nearly a thousand miles. This section of the country boasts orators second to none, and



*This typical bungalow in the Claremont section of Berkeley is being constructed by D. H. Goodrich. It is only one of numerous structures which Mr. Goodrich has built.*

after Tilden, Runde, Estrella, and others, not forgetting the President herself had delivered themselves of their best linguistic attainments, a call was made for a speech from the masculine half of Mrs. Terry, whom we had almost forgot to mention. The surprised Mr. Terry shook himself from the reverie in which he had been lapsing, lounged out from his chair to the platform and delivered himself thusly:

"I am not the President of the Cad, nor the Secretary, nor any official, but merely a plain member and listener extraordinarily. For breakfast my wife serves up to me fried Cad, for lunch I have boiled Cad, while at dinner time I feast on roast Cad. Then in the night when I am sick and weary of it all, the doctor making an erroneous diagnosis, prescribes that my wife shall cheer me up with an overdose of Cad. I tell you, fellows, life at home is just one darn Cad after another."

Having thus knocked the cover off the ball in the shortest speech of the evening, Howard sat down amidst thunderous applause from all except friend wife. Later on in the evening coffee and cake were served and one of the fair charmers present, remarked to Mr. Terry, "This is Cad coffee and cake." To which the Hon. Howard ejaculated, "Well, I'll be d——."

\* \* \*

Vivian Hill of Berkeley follows an unusual occupation for the deaf. He is a Western Union telegraph messenger. Day in and day out, night shifts included, he has given the company satisfactory service for fourteen years. A messenger boy's occupation is rather precarious during these days of streets crowded with automobiles, but for many years Mr. Hill met with no accidents. Then he was brushed off his wheel and slightly scratched. Soon after an elderly lady jay walked across the street into the rear of his machine, sitting down rather heavily in the midst of traffic. She thought she had some cause

for complaint, especially as Hill was deaf. But the company thought differently. Recently a truck with three men crowding the driver's seat and with the smell of liquor on the driver's breath, turned sharply and annihilated Hill's bike. He came out of the melee with a broken leg. But does the company attribute any of these accidents to Mr. Hill's deafness. Evidently not a bit. A new office has been established in a most crowded district, but so far only one man has been needed and that man is Hill. Hill is practically totally deaf, born so, but he delivers messages at any time of the day or night, taking what conversation he can through lip-reading by any kind of light. Somehow he gets along and gets along well, so who may say that any occupation is closed to the deaf.

Since the above was written word was received from the eastern offices of the telegraph company that Mr. Hill must be relieved. So he is no longer a messenger boy, but Mr. Hill's creditable record over a long period of years is in no way marred. The eastern officials, out of personal touch with local conditions simply could not see the sudden rush of accidents with which their deaf messenger met, as something likely to befall any person habitually using our crowded city streets for bicycle riding.



*Vivian Hill, Western Union messenger boy. For years Mr. Hill and his bike threaded their way through the crowded streets of Berkeley without a mishap. Then came a series of accidents, which resulted in his being laid off from the job.*

Los Angeles man, asking a divorce because she let other men kiss her, should have fed her on onions.

A man will bawl out his stenographer because he hemmed with the dishes before coming to work.

Hurry with your vacation. Soon as it is over you will have to start saving up for Christmas.

Why don't they make hinged windshields for drivers to go through without breaking the glass?

# Hunting and Trapping Big Game in Idaho

By BOB WHITE

(Part IV—Continued from last month)

**F**ORTUNE seemed to have favored us, as the snow was not so deep as we had expected. About three feet had fallen, and in some places the ground was swept bare. Drift upon drift, gracefully curving, crests, stretched away as far as we could see, seemingly like one great, white waste; on all other sides the view was shut out by the eternal hills, the pines making a striking contrast with their background of green.

It was a useless task to go over the trap-line on such a morning, as they were covered with snow, besides we had a good supply which we would set as soon as we were able to secure bait. Even the jusrats kept close to their dens, and as most of the traps were covered, they were useless for the time being. However, we managed to catch a few by scattering carrots near their "slides," using their carcasses to bait our traps for the larger animals. In this manner several coyotes and bob-cats were caught.

While eating dinner we were somewhat startled by the report of a rifle along the river, then another and another. The reports echoed and re-echoed with startling distinctness, and it seemed as though there was a constant fusillade on all sides. We went to the door, and while we could not see anyone, still, we could hear the crunch of snowshoes, and, in a few minutes, the familiar form of the foreman came over the crest of the hill with a coyote slung across his shoulder.

"Got three old horses at the ranch," he said, "and if you fellows will come after them, you're welcome. There's no better bait for wolves and 'coyotes than horseflesh. If it were a little later in the season, you'd see bear around here: there's plenty of them in the hills, but they stick close to their dens until the weather becomes warmer."

"Ugh, t'ree hosses," said Gabe: "that soun' good, me go back to ranch with you: stay all night; in mornin' tak' hosses down 'long reever: kill one there, older one back in hills, one in deep arroyo. Set traps by one, pizen odder; then when wolf and coyote eat, they get seek, ver' seek, then die."

Soon after, Gabe and the foreman left, and as there was nothing to do the rest of the day, I decided to make a more thorough exploration of the country in the vicinity of camp, as previous to this, I hadn't been more than three miles in any direction.

Sometime prior to this Dallas had spoken of a certain old fellow called "Mormon Jim," who made annual pilgrimages to the hills during the trapping season, and being of an eccentric nature did not seek company of his fellow-men. It had always been his custom to pack in his supplies on two burros during the latter part of October, stopping at the ranch to get his traps, which he always left there at the end of the season. Very little was known of Jim, as he never said much about himself, but it was learned from him that he had been a miner and prospector in Cripple Creek during its early days, and had located a rich claim.

This mine eventually proved to be one of the richest in the Cripple Creek district, but Jim, undaunted, kept to his prospecting. With the disposal of his claim, luck seemed to have deserted him, and in despair, took to the gambling hells, which proved to be the ruination of more than one of those hardy prospectors who wandered into the settlement when the great gold strike was made by Bob Womack and Winfield Stratton.

Joe had received a good price for his claim, but after the gambling fever had him in its relentless grasp, lost steadily, and instead of the honest, hard-working prospector he once had the reputation of being, had became one of the district's most dissolute and dangerous characters. He had been mixed up in several shooting affrays, but luckily, none of them had proven disastrous to either side.

It was after one of these affairs that a sudden change seemed to have come over him; instead of his familiar figure being seen at the gambling tables and dance halls, it was learned he had gone back to prospecting, and came to camp only when compelled to renew his supply of provisions.

He lived alone in his little cabin a short distance from the settlement where on one ever molested him. But when he came to camp it was noticed he was always well supplied with nuggets; but whether he had located another claim, or had found an out-cropping vein, no one knew, or seemed to care, as it was during the early days of the strike, and each man went about his own business.

Came a day, however, when the out-going stage took "Mormon Jim." Just why he left no one knew, no one cared, there being a constant exodus from the camp day and night, and his departure was noticed by no one, except the driver of the stage, who, on his return spread the news that "Jim" had left for Idaho with a good supply of nuggets.

"Dallas," I said, "don't you suppose 'Mormon Jim' might be located in one of those hidden valleys around here? It stands to reason that, if he comes through by the ranch and goes out the same way, it seems to me he can't be far off."

"Sure, Bob," he replied, "but what's th' use o' tryin' t' locate him? even if we did, w'd mos' likely meet with a cool reception, fer o' all th' gol-durndest critters I ever met, Jim beats 'em all. But if you're so all-fired anxious t' him, go t' it, but it's gonna be just lik' rousin' a hibernatin' grizzly outen his den."

And so I started, and while I had no intentions of trying to locate Jim, still there was the possibility that the unforeseen might happen—by some strange prank of Fate, I might be led to the very door of his cabin.

I continued my way along the river, keeping constant watch for signs of game but it seemed as though everything had disappeared with the coming of the storm.

Several places were passed where animals had come for water, but as it was frozen, they had gone farther south. While making my way through a thick growth of willows, I stumbled upon one of the many tragedies of the wilderness; the signs in the snow showed where a prowling bobcat had discovered the roosting place of a flock of willow grouse, surprising them before they could take wing. The scattered feathers and blood-bespattered snow spoke eloquently of the crime.

Closer examination of the spot showed there had been two of the cats, and after their feast, had trotted off together toward a heavily timbered hill a half-mile from the river, the trail was easily followed until it reached the hill where it became more difficult owing to the thick undergrowth. After gaining the summit traveling was easier, the trail showing the animals were going along in a leisure manner, as there were places where they had turned aside to investigate the numerous rabbit tracks, and as rabbits are

preferred by them above all other food, it gradually dawned upon me that after surprising the grouse, their hunger not being satisfied, had made direct for this hill.

It seemed to be a regular hunting ground for them, as there was a network of tracks, especially on the south side, where it was more sheltered. While making my way cautiously through a particularly thick growth of scrub pine, I heard the unmistakable squeal of a rabbit at some distance to my right, and knowing a rabbit never makes a sound unless captured, realized I was close upon the two cats.

Discarding my snowshoes I back-tracked and worked cautiously in the direction from which the sound came, and after going quite a distance, came in sight of the animals about seventy-five yards from me.

By this time I had traveled nearly five miles, and as to carrying the two cats back to camp was out of the question, the only thing to do was to skin them where they had fallen. As the weather was near the zero mark, this was no easy matter, as one's hands become cold almost as soon as his gloves are removed, so made a small fire in order to warm my hands as occasion required, and in a few minutes was busily engaged in removing their pelts.

There seemed to be an oppressive silence reigning over that great white expanse, and although I had only left camp a few hours, it seemed as though I had been wandering about the greater part of the day.

I was startled from my reveries by a most unearthly scream coming from the distant ridge I had just left. It was the well-known, never-to-be-forgotten scream of a lion. The hoot of an owl is most quaintly weird, but it is not like the demonical, ghoulish scream of a mountain lion; there is nothing in the wide realm of nature that can surpass it. As it echoes and re-echoes through the mountains and valleys, you'll experience an involuntary shudder, for it is like a woman's long-drawn, piteous wail of terrible anguish. It can in no way be compared to the jabber of a coyote, nor to the howl of the great, gray wolf.

Shortly after this I reached the foot of the opposite hill, and as the snow was not as deep as on the other, soon reached its summit. A most inspiring sight was spread out below me; it was one of the many "Hidden valleys" of which I had heard so much.

The winding course of a small stream was easily distinguished, which seemed to spread out into a dam, then made a sharp turn to the south, where it entered a small canyon. I noticed several little conical shaped hills were scattered along the stream, which, on closer examination, proved to be beaver houses. Snow-shoe tracks wound in and around them, and I came to the conclusion that "Mormon Jim" could not be far off. For, if it were not his trapping grounds, whose, then could it be?

My suspicions were verified, as the first house had a trap set at its entrance, then there were others that had been completely demolished, as it is an easy matter to lay open the neat woodpile like structure, which sometimes contain as many as six or eight beaver.

Gabe and I had always lived up to and respected the game laws in every state we had trapped, and felt it our duty to enforce them when occasion required.

The culprit, whoever he was, certainly had worked sad havoc in that little masdow, as most of the houses had been demolished, and the dam which the industrious animals had taken so much trouble to build, was broken in several places, each break containing a trap.

There were signs of devastation on every side; several carcasses were lying along the course of the stream, and the snow was stained with blood, while here and there a few traps were lying in plain sight, the trapper no doubt having little fear of discovery in the seclusion of the valley,

where he had piled his nefarious work of slaughter and destruction.

With the aid of field glasses I finally discovered a cabin a short distance from the entrance to the canyon, and immediately set out to have an interview with its occupant. I was disappointed, however, when I saw there was no smoke issuing from the chimney, so judged no one was about, but the presence of a couple of burros in a small enclosure near the cabin, assured me their owner could not be far off. After several knocks on the door, there being no response, opened it cautiously, thinking someone might be asleep.

A rough bunk stood in one corner, while a small stove such as is used by shepherders, stood in the open fireplace; these, together with a small table and a couple of boxes constituted the furniture. A score or more traps were lying in one corner, while several beaver pelts were hanging from the rafters.

Taken altogether it was a most forbidding place, and spoke volume of its owner. It was evident he had left but a short time previous, as the remains of dinner was still on the table, while the stove was still warm.

There was an abundance of supplies in an old chest standing on the floor near the table, consisting of flour, bacon, beans and coffee.

It was an easy matter to guess the source of his meat supply; he had no doubt lived on beaver tails for awhile, as they are considered a great delicacy by most trappers; becoming tired of these he had probably shot a deer, but had taken particular pains to conceal it.

My peace of mind was not in the least disturbed by the seven beaver pelts taken on my departure, for I considered them mine by right of law, it being my intention to turn them over to the Government hunter, tell him the story, and let him deal with the transgressor. Nor did I feel the remorse when I smashed every trap I found along the stream with a bullet from my Colt.

I stood on the crest of this same hill I had just climbed and gazed upon the panorama spread out before me in daylight, but it never seemed so awe-inspiring as it did that evening when twilight was about to give way to darkness, which it could not on account of the fitful, mellow rays of the moon which tried to pierce its way through the clouds, lighting up only portions of the great amphitheatre spread out beneath, casting long shadows of the jagged and pinnacled brow of the hill, and of the serrated buttresses forming the gateway over the white pall of the river.

The majestic silence, the twinkling stars overhead, the quiet of Eternity that seemed to rest over all, combined to make it one of the most singularly impressive scenes I've ever enjoyed.

Smoke was issuing from the chimney of the cabin, and the yellow light in the window was a sure sign that supper was ready.

The camp scene as I saw it from that hill, bathed in the subdued light of the moon, surrounded by shadows of quaint shape and varying effect, was a most inspiring sight. There was nothing about it that would remind one of civilization—no tent, camp stools and other luxuries of modern campers strewn about—just that little log cabin and the light in the window which seemed to welcome the wanderer's return.

I was completely worn out by the long trip, and breathed a sigh of relief as I entered the cabin where the odor of coffee and mutton chops awakened me to the fact that I was hungry.

After supper I drew a comfortable chair close to the fire, lit my pipe and started my story. It was a brief tale and soon told.

"These beaver pelts," I said, with a knowing wink at

Gabe, "belong to us now. I took them from 'Mormon Jim's cabin over there in that hidden valley about ten miles from here."

The evening wore on, and as I watched Gabe and Dallas busily plying the bleaming knife to the few muskrats hides we caught that morning, a great drowsiness overcame me—I threw a few more pine knots on the fire, and by the bright flames which leaped up, was enabled to smooth down my bed, and soon, wonderfully soon, the sound sleep of the mountains overwhelmed me.

Instead of the three horses Gabe went after, he brought only two of them back, leaving the other for future use. He had not brought them direct to the cabin, but had shot one along the river not far from the one Waho and her whelps had killed a few weeks previous. The other was killed in a more open spot fifty yards from the river where the snow was not so deep. The animals were certain to approach them during the night, and for this reason Gabe had not set any trap, or even touched them after killing, for, after the coyotes and other animals had once feasted and found nothing to arouse their suspicion, they would return, bringing others with them.

I slept so soundly that I failed to hear the howling and snarling which was going on around the carcasses the greater part of the night, but, on awakening, Gabe and Dallas both spoke of it. Soon after breakfast, Gabe picked up several traps and started off toward the river, telling me to join him an hour later.

There are two ways of using poison; either poisoning a whole carcass, or by taking a number of small sized chunks of meat, insert a capsule in them, and while riding along, drop at frequent intervals.

Some trappers contend that this method is more profitable than trapping, requiring less work; but it seems the most trouble in poisoning is that, in many cases, after swallowing the capsules, many of the animals manage to get quite a distance from the carcass before the poison begins to take effect. I have known cases where they have managed to travel a mile or more before it began to overcome them, and, in many instances, have been lost.

However, the action of the poison is very rapid, especially on an empty stomach. One moonlight night I lay to the windward of the carcass and watched the actions of the animals after they had taken the poison. It seemed to act like strangulation, although they do not seem to suffer to any extent. They would stand with legs spread apart, head held low, trying to belch it up; then, after a few efforts, fall over dead.

Gabe was giving the finishing touches to the last of the sets when I joined him. It was evident the coyotes and wolves had been out in force, as they had left their written message on the snow, there being a network of tracks in all directions, plainly telling the story of the banquet.

It took quite some time to poison the other animal, and after hiding several dozen capsules in it, cut off several chunks of meat three inches square, inserted a capsule in each, then walked farther up the river, dropping them at intervals of a hundred yards, the last being dropped near the spring which we had made on account of the river being frozen.

As I turned to leave, I heard the unmistakable squeal of a rabbit, and, glancing in the direction from which it came, saw it running across an open spot, and hanging at its throat, literally being dragged along, was a long, sinuous white object, its tail tipped with black—the relentless, blood-thirsty ermine of the silent places.

As I watched the uneven struggle, the rabbit sank down in the snow, with the ermine still clinging at its throat, loath to loosen its hold, it seemed until it had drank the last drop of blood, after which it walked around the rabbit,

sniffing it, and actually stood on its body several seconds. Then, as a twig snapped under my feet, it gave a startled look, and with a single bound, disappeared.

Investigation showed that only a small hole had been made at the rabbits throat, which is generally the case, as the ermine prefers the warm life-blood, hardly ever eating the flesh unless pressed by hunger.

Even the little snowbirds succumb to this treacherous animal. If he had located a covey of grouse, and knows he cannot surprise them by a few quick, lightning-like bounds, he will dash under the soft snow, wiggle through it like a snake until directly under them, then, coming to the surface among the bewildered birds, starts his work of destruction for each quick dart of its serpent-like neck, and the accompanying click of its teeth means a severed wind-pipe, and in a few minutes there are several dead birds lying around. Strange as it may seem, although the ermine is one of the smallest animals, inch for inch, its fur is more valuable than many of the larger fur-bearers.

There were a great many of them in our neighborhood, and although we caught a few in the traps set for muskrats, made no effort to catch them until they became such nuisance that we had to do something in order to keep them from spoiling the muskrat carcasses we were using for bob-cats.

In order to prevent this we no longer left the carcasses where we had been in the habit of throwing them, but in their place left small scraps of meat and offal. After they had cleaned this up, and still visited the place for more, I hit upon the novel scheme practiced by old trappers where ermine are plentiful, consisting of giving several trap chains a liberal coating of grease, laying them on top of the snow or suspended from branches of nearly shrubbery.

Now you know what it is to stick your tongue to cold steel; it sticks there a few seconds, and when you manage to get it free, you experience a burning sensation; but the ermine's tongue is so small that it immediately freezes to the steel, and all its efforts to escape are fruitless, so, in the morning, when the trapper comes along, he finds several ermine fast to the chain.

As we approached the first horse the following morning, we saw five coyotes lying around it, but as we drew near, two of them trotted off, while the three that were in the traps made futile efforts to escape.

After dispatching these and resetting the traps, we went to the carcass we had poisoned. To our surprise, it had worked better than expected, as there were several animals lying around it, while two were lying about twenty-yards away. One jumped up as we approached, but did not get far before it stopped and sat on its haunches, licking its chops as though it were loath to leave the feast, and, as we looked, it gave a few spasmodic coughs and died.

The chunks we poisoned also did good work, two more coyotes being added to the catch. In one place there were the tracks of a wolf, but the old fellow had probably become suspicious of the bait, and although he had pushed it around with his nose, had refused to eat it.

"Smart ol' boy," said Gabe, "but we gettum bimeby; nothing aroun' here for wolf to eat; w'en him get good and hongree him come back; then, if don't get in trap, we run him down on sowshoe."

"Semms to me," I said, "those wolves are getting mighty scarce since we cleaned up Waho and her family; wonder why we're not catching any? Maybe they've crossed the range after some of Jensen's sheep."

"Tam 'nough," he replied, consolingly, "When the mating season start we get more. Plentee wolf, but they get wise."

"Well, don't you think it about time they start mating it's almost the middle of February."

"Mos' any time, 'specially if it get little warmer, then we no need bait for traps."

By this time we reached the place where I had dropped the last poisoned bait. It was gone, and the tracks showed the animal had left but a few minutes before probably being frightened by our approach. But it was no wolf, nor was it a coyote, as the tracks were those of either a small lion or a large bob-cat, it being hard to distinguish the difference between the two in the soft snow.

The animal had eaten the bait, and we knew it could not go far before the poison took effect. After going a hundred yards we came to a place where the animal had stopped and turned several times, then the trail became more zigzagging, finally leading toward a dense thicket of scrub pine. Reaching this we heard a sound like a dog makes when,

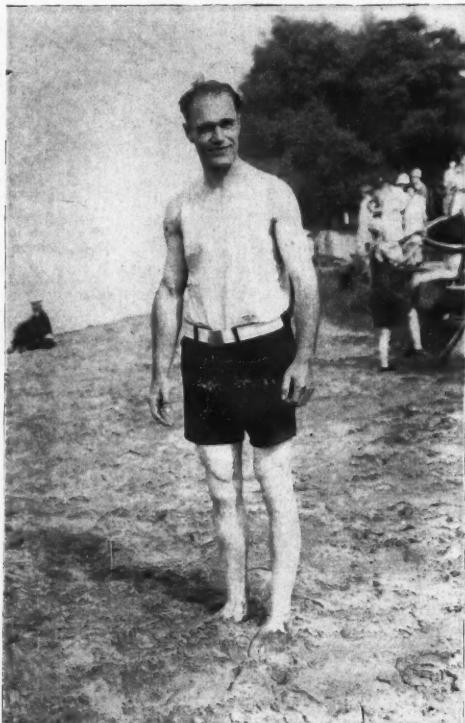
chocking, followed by a threshing of the bushes, and after going quite a distance, came face to face with one of the largest bob-cats we ever saw.

Gabe told me to shoot, as I was using a .22 automatic, while he had his .45. He had drawn it in case of emergency, and it is a fortunate thing he did. I fired; the animal made a leap toward me, and in jumping to one side to avoid it, tripped and fell. I fired again, but the shell had failed to eject (a common fault with the automatic) making my gun useless. I instinctively threw an arm across my face, but even as I did so the roar of Gabe's .45 rang out, stretching the animal within a foot of me, which, in its death struggles, scratched one of my leather leggings.

(To be continued)



*From left to right—Viletta Silco, of Rochester; Elmer Wisotzke, of Rochester; Jessie Ramsay, of Albion; Gleason Erb, of Buffalo; Helen Fay, of Watertown; Claude Samelson, of Rochester; J. Heacock, of Buffalo and Eleanor Atwater, of Lockport. Jessie Ramsay and Helen Fay are seniors at the University of Rochester. Both deaf.*



*Mr. Johncox, of Buffalo, N. Y., fine athlete during his school days at the Rochester School. Expert skater, swimmer, all around athlete.*



*Bathing at Point Breeze, near Albion, N. Y. All deaf (bathers and spectators)*



*Sitting at Point Breeze at one of the annual picnics last summer. All deaf of different towns in the western part of New York.*



*Labor Day Picnic at Mr. and Mrs. Ira Todd's, at Pittsford, N. Y.*

# Sugarin' Time

By J. P. GRUET

**S**UGAR WEATHER" comes in March, when the days of coming spring grow warm and sunny and when the nights are frosty with star-light sparkle. In Southern sections the "season" may open sooner—but middle March suits us. It is then that most of us farmers here answer the urge—the urge to abandon a long winter of confined activities on the farm to extend our work to the woods. The privilege has a certain enlivening pleasure that makes it feel good to live. We are in the mood to exert our best in the few short weeks given to the production of choice maple syrup and sugar cakes. And why not?

Our farm has a fairly good wood lot, rich with its litter and humus bed and with a good stand of hardwoods. The better portion of the trees are maples—black maples, with spreading crowns and large rounded trunks. For sugar making, I think this is the superior tree, although all maples are known to yield a sweet sap. What is generally known as the sugar maple for the production of syrup, is found at its best in Northern New England, (particularly Vermont) and adjacent territory. The commercial production of maple syrup is an American industry. The early settlers, especially those in the vicinity of the St. Lawrence River, found by the Indians making sugar by crude methods. These were quickly improved upon by the white man, first with his iron kettle, birchbark tank, wooden spiles, etc. But even this style of making resulted in a product that was dark colored and ill tasting. With the passing of time, improvements and inventions have perfected the manufacturing until today the very finest syrup is obtainable.

Mike, my old friend and neighbor and present co-worker, started us in making our own maple syrup and sugar from our own bush. I must confess, Mike's teachings are not exactly modern, as far as modern apparatus and manufacture are pursued by commercial makers, but his results are quite good in spite of the touch of the primitives.



In the woods gathering sap

Mike, who is tall, and fits loosely in his clothes, does not like maple syrup. He much prefers—well, er, hard cider. However, for a fair remuneration and a full stock of chewing tobacco he will freely impart his genius on the subject and work 20 hours at the boiling for me. The "opening day" is one of tramping paths through the deep wood-land snow which is often waist high. Then a good road must be cut and cleared evenly of bush, large enough to haul a small one-horse sleigh with a

barrel securely attached. The plan of the road is circular through the woods, to facilitate the gathering of sap later, buckets later from every part of the bush. Someone is also busy preparing and cleaning the buckets, spouts and pans from the sap house. These comprise the major details of the first day, and when done, we are ready to start tapping the trees. The trees are first brushed off about waist high to remove loose bark and dirt, preferably on the sunny side. The matter of side does not always need be the southern side as a rule. Good results are had on the eastern side of the tree and some makers claim that the northern side runs the longest through the season. The hole is bored with a steel bit, such as carpenters use,



Sap nearby is carried to the sap house for boiling

about half an inch in diameter. It is bored about two inches deep. It is not best to bore more than one hole unless a very large tree. Then two holes about three inches apart may be permitted. The life of a tree is prolonged by observing this care. We then insert tightly a round, molded, metal spout with a hook strong enough to hold a full bucket. The spout should have the proper taper so the sap will run freely. The bucket is hung directly under the spout. Buckets should be of metal free from corrosion or rust. Old fashioned makers still use the wooden bucket painted with an iron oxide red. But advantages are in favor of the metal bucket that is free from lead. Care must be used with any kind. If the weather is warm, the sap will start with a gush and drip fast, until the cool of evening sets in when it will almost stop. Two collections a day are made in most favorable weather. The gathered sap is poured into pails and from them into barrels to await the boiling process. Fresh from the tree, the sap is transparent like water and has a sweet taste.

In the boiling house we have a large sheet iron pan, three feet wide and twelve feet long that rests evenly on a stone fire place, the back of which has a flue and a brick chimney. The pan is kept filled with fresh sap and a hot fire maintained beneath. It soon boils and evaporates through the openings in the roof. As the evaporation continues, the sap begins to concentrate. This concentrating continues until a purely maple flavor and thickness result. During all stages of the boiling, scum and mineral matter must be skimmed from the surface. When nearly done, the white of an egg helps in cleaning the syrup. The maker must determine the density by noting the bubbles as they break on the surface

of the boiling syrup. The best makers use a thermometer. A fairly good way will tell by how it pours from a spoon. When done perfectly, the syrup is light colored and weighs exactly eleven pounds to a gallon. A thinner syrup containing more water will sour and one much thicker will crystallize. It is best to can the fresh sirup hot as this prevents danger of fermentation. We use a gallon can that is square with a screw cap. It must be filled to the very top so no air is left to enter and then the cap fastened with a wrench.

The making of sugar is to lengthen the boiling. It is generally a side-line to the making of syrup and has its own convenient pan. The syrup in this pan is boiled



*The author holding the finished product in front of our boiling house.*

until very highly concentrated. During the process it tends to froth and foam. Consequently we use a small piece of meat fat suspended over the surface which will allay this tendency to over-run. The boiling is stopped as soon as the liquid hardens when dropped into cold water or on snow. It is then poured into moulds and soon hardens into convenient sugar cakes.

Sap is known to contain about 5 per cent solids. It

takes 32 gallons to make 1 gallon of syrup. In turn, one gallon of syrup will make about  $7\frac{1}{2}$  pounds of sugar. The evaporator will evaporate at full heat, about 35 gal-



*Sampling boiling syrup*

lons an hour. The yield of sap from one tree will depend on the season. A good season will see a tree give about 20 gallons, or boiled down about  $\frac{1}{2}$  gallon of syrup.

## Address Wanted

Two letters addressed to Joe Allen in care of the SILENT WORKER will be forwarded if the proper address can be obtained.



*Top row—Elizabeth Chambers, W. H. Chambers, Mrs. W. H. Chambers, George Midget. Bottom row—Miss Lutie Acuff, Mrs. Gordon Midget, Gordon Midget. Auto Ride to Elkmont in the "Great Smokies" of which you often hear.*

## Personal Note

J. H. Mueller is now proof reader for the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, the biggest, largest, greatest paper in Kentucky. He is on the night shift and finds the job very agreeable to him.



*Nuptial party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Kessler at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kennedy, Knoxville, Tenn.*

L. A. Elmer. Photo.

# The Great Pulver--Washington Dam

**EDITOR THE SILENT WORKER:**—"Well, I don't hold with George Egan and all those fellows that insist missionaries is all devils. I'm kind of radical about that. Way I figger it, a missionary is all right—long as he don't interfere with drinking and cussing. Now, you take Reverend Dillon here. He's a pretty good coot for a fellow that's spent all his life in college and so on. One time when he was out on the trail with me in January—and by golly! it was cold too; mittens almost froze to my nose when I blew it—Reverend Dillon, well, he thought about it a long time, and finally he figures out it's up to him to pass some observation and he says, 'Pop!' he says, 'Pop, it's damn cold.'

"Don't know I would go so far as to say it was a good Damn. Fact, between us, it wasn't more than a boy-sized Damn. But it showed good will and hopes."

As you will notice, Mr. Editor, the foregoing is in quotation marks. It is an observation by "Pop Buck," and if you are curious to know what came before and after the remark, you can find it in Sinclair Lewis' very red-blooded story of red-blooded folks, "Mantrap," now running serially in *Collier's*. As *Collier's* is known far and wide as the "National Weekly," it seems to me the words used from first to last must be good American.

I am quoting Pop Buck because it happened that just after I had read the instalment of the Mantrap story in the March 13 issue of *Collier's* I came across the great Washington dam built up in the last SILENT WORKER by Reverend Pulver—the "dam" to be taken in the same sense as when we speak of the Roosevelt Dam, or the Gatun Dam, or Yu-ba Dam, or the dam of stale bread crumbs used by tinkers, or some such sort of dam, and like Pop Buck, I will not go so far as to say it is a good dam. Fact, betwween us, 'taint much more than a boy-size dam, though it shows good will and hopes.

Reverend Pulver asks if I am trying to start a ruckus. My Reverend Brother may bet his best bib and tucker, if he is in a betting way, that I am. He cannot lose.

Rev. Pulver's inquiry is provoked by an article I had in *The Frat* some time ago, toward the end of last year, I think, and in which I made certain odious comparisons between the N. F. S. D. and the N. A. D., with sundry remarks concerning haystacks and starving doncs.

To be brief, what I said was as follows:

The N. F. S. D. decided to meet in Denver, July 1927.

The N. A. D. decided to meet in Washington, August, 1926.

The first statement is scrupulously correct. The N. F. S. D. at its convention in St. Paul decided to meet in Denver. The competition between several cities for the honor of entertaining the convention was open and known to all. The decision was by a vote of the entire organization, and Denver won over her competitors by a decisive majority. If I am not mistaken the vote was later made unanimous. Denver was the choice of the 5,528 Frats represented at the convention by their delegates, duly elected and instructed.

The second statement, that in regard to Washington, is absolutely incorrect. The National Association of the Deaf, as a whole, had absolutely nothing to do with the selection of Washington as the place of the convention scheduled for 1926.

This selection of Washington was, in my opinion, the most flagrant instance of picayune statesmanship and picayune politics in the entire history of the N. A. D.

In the first place the 1923 convention of the N. A. D. was held in Atlanta, in the same section of territory, almost, as Washington. The unwritten rule of N. A. D. convention has been that they must follow one another in widely separated places. From Cincinnati, in 1880, the convention jumped to New York; from New York to Washington because of the Gallaudet Memorial; from Washington to Chicago; from Chicago to Philadelphia; from Philadelphia to St. Paul; from St. Paul to St. Louis on account of the World's Fair; from St. Louis to Norfolk; thence to Colorado Springs; thence to Cleveland; thence to San Francisco; thence to Hartford thence to Detroit; thence to Atlanta.

Add to this that, in 1924, there was a large and successful re-union of alumni and former students at Gallaudet College. Many of those who attended that reunion are members of the N. A. D. They will not much like the idea of making the same trip so soon again.

As to picayune politics I am informed from a reliable source that there was no formal invitation from the Washington deaf. Ballots were sent to the members of the Executive Committee and I am informed that these ballots were so worded that Washington had to win. I challenge the Chairman of the Committee to publish this ballot and give the exact vote.

The right to select the meeting place of the convention should be taken from the Executive Committee altogether. There should be an amendment to the Constitution and By-laws to the effect that each convention should decide upon the place of the next convention, in the same manner as each convention elects the officers who are to serve during the new term. The only instance when this was done, in effect, was at Norfolk, when the convention instructed the Executive Committee to elect Colorado Springs for the next meeting. Cities desiring the honor of entertaining the convention might present their claims and inducements, and the convention might decide by vote which best deserved the distinction.

Or, better still, an amendment might be offered to the effect that henceforth the N. A. D. should hold its convention at the same time and place as the N. F. S. D.

This last is what I have been advocating all along.

The N. A. D. offers its members absolutely nothing. Its life-membership offers nothing in return for the \$10.00 invested—nothing in the shape of substantial achievement along the lines of its charter. The N. A. D. has come to the point where it is like a ship without a rudder. It drifts wherever the winds and tides drive it. For the past thirteen years its main reason for existence has been monuments. Thirteen years ago at Cleveland it started a movement to make possible a desirable monument to De l'Epee. This movement is now for all the world like a starved alley cat. Later a movement was started to give the Hartford School, or the New England deaf, a replica of the Gallaudet Memorial in Washington. It dragged its slow and weary length through six long years. It was no business at all for the National Association to undertake this thing. It should have been left to the deaf of New England, and I am confident that once local pride was aroused, the New England deaf would have completed the task in jig time, the only connection of the N. A. D. with the movement being the permission, if necessary, to make the replica.

The Pennsylvania Society of the Deaf, the Ohio Association of the Deaf, the Illinois Association of the Deaf, the Indiana Association of the Deaf—there may be more

—each have many times better reason for existing because of worth-while work accomplished than the N. A. D. Each has something of real usefulness to live for and work for. The Home project in each of these states belongs absolutely to the state organization, and the members know what their money, whether raised from membership fees, donations, bazaars, entertainments and the like, goes to.

The only movement undertaken by the N. A. D. that resulted in a real asset to the N. A. D. was the Moving Picture Fund, that I fathered and fostered in 1909-1910. That Fund and the films it made possible are the absolute property of the N. A. D. Of the Endowment Fund, that I started, but never intended to make dependent on life-membership driblets, more some other time.

The mental feebleness of the N. A. D. was instanced strikingly at Atlanta. The resolutions that should have been considered with the utmost care, forming as they should, the platform of the Association, were read, voted on and adopted while the ballot counting in the election of officers was in progress. The convention was so flabbergasted at the tangle caused by the principle of proxy voting, that it was unable to decide the matter then and there, but left the decision to the Committee on Laws.

I would assert that this decision was absolutely unconstitutional. There is no constitutional provision for any "Committee on Laws." It merely exists as a bit of evidence of the timid mentality of the wise men who have been governing the Association. The only thing that the Committee on Laws can do is to instruct the Secretary to send each member in good standing a proxy blank to fill out and to send to such member as the holder may see fit. The Committee on Laws has absolutely no authority to alter one jot or title in the article in the Constitution relating to elections.

Returning to the N. F. S. D., I believe that many if not all the men members of the N.A.D. are also members of the N.F.S.D. I am, for one. So is Reverend Pulver. But my good friend is mistaken when he asserts that the conventions of both organizations are of equal importance and value. When the N.A.D. meets its program will probably be as elevating and relevant as a certain famous and much quoted program was in its day:

"The time has come," the Walrus said,  
"To talk of many things—  
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—  
Of cabbages—and Kings—  
And why the sea is boiling hot—  
And whether pigs have wings."

And having talked of shoes and cabbages and winged pigs, the convention will probably leave the decision to the Committee on Seas and Sealing Wax.

The N.F.S.D. program will be clean-cut and business-like. The organization has too much at stake to allow it to be otherwise. The success of the convention means the welfare of one hundred and five Divisions with six thousand deaf men as members. It will mean the continued confidence of these six thousand men, and of probably as many wives and sweethearts, in the strength and stability of the Order, and the assurance that in sickness and misfortune and in the last chance of death, there will be help and comfort not only from the Order at large, but from the fellow-members and friends of the Division.

Therefore what I said in my article in *The Frat* is no more in effect than what Reverend Pulver has been urging his readers right along to do.

I said that those deaf persons who were in a position to attend both conventions, that at Washington and that in Denver, should do so by all means. But Bro. Pulver knows as well as I that there are very many who cannot afford to attend both meetings. My advice to the Nad-Frat who would have to choose, the same as the starving done between the two haystacks was to choose that convention in which he had most at stake, which offered the greatest returns not merely in the way of pleasure, but of real achievement. Will my Reverend Brother Pulver deny that this is Denver? At the same time this advice was given with the secret hope that the convention of the N.A.D. next after that in Washington would be instructed to meet in Denver some day between July 11th and 16th, 1927. Do not think this proposition foolish or absurd. Many people, possibly my good and reverend friend among them, do not know that one convention of the National Association, and a regular convention at that, the Fourth, lasted three hours only. The N.F.S.D. might be prevailed upon to set aside two evenings, or it might be July 17th, for the purposes of the N.A.D.

And after that the N.A.D. and the N.F.S.D. would be working together, hand in hand, though with different aims, and pulling with twenty times the strength the N.A.D. has now. Under present circumstances it will be the N.F.S.D. that will be making concessions, and it will be the N.A.D. that will be receiving favors. After Denver, in 1930 and later, conditions will be different. Each organization will know better where it is at in respect to the other, but mutual good-will should and will rule.

Hand on your heart, brother Nad-Frat, is my aim or my argument wicked and unreasonable?

It seems that some people have become alarmed at the effect of my article in *The Frat*. That article only repeated what I had been staying at various times in the *Jewish Deaf*. It seems that the dam thrown up in the SILENT WORKER by Reverend Pulver to stop the flood was one of the results.

I want Bro. Pulver and everybody else in Washington and out to understand that I do not for the fraction of a second mean to say that Washington is no good, or that its deaf folks are no good. On the contrary, I thought I had made it plain in my *Frat* article that Washington was the greatest capital that ever existed since this earth was a cosmic atom, and that its deaf form as fine and smart a body as could be found anywhere. There will be a great many deaf who cannot afford a trip to Denver, but who could afford the trip to Washington. I sincerely hope that each and all of these, and who must necessarily come from the country near Washington—Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and the near South,—will be broad-minded enough, and wide awake enough and interested enough in the welfare of the N.A.D. to instruct the Executive Committee, unless the Constitution has been amended as I suggested, to select Denver, 1927, as the next meeting place of the Association.

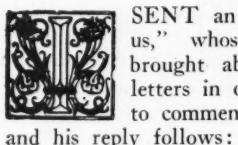
And, ahem, were Pop Buck and Reverend Dillon, alluded to in the quotation at the head of this article, in Washington next August, Pop's mittens would not freeze to his nose, and Reverend Dillon would not say—Say, "Pop, it's damn cold!" Oh no, he would say, "Say, Pop, it's damn hot!"

GEORGE WILLIAM VEDITZ.  
COLORADO SPRING, COLO., March 13, 1926.

Court says Charlie Chaplin's makeup belongs to him alone. Better have your trousers pressed.

# WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By ALEXANDER L. PACH



SENT an inquiry to the "Scholar among us," whose remarks in this department brought about the Fettscher-Brown-Crosby letters in our March issue, and asked him to comment on the self explanatory letter, and his reply follows:

"Self Explanatory Letter," which explains nothing. Brown Crosby and Co., Inc., are merely agents like the rest of 'em. Who is Townsend? E. F. Lanchantin may be the expert on insurance that he insinuates he is, but it was not germane to insurance matters to preface remarks with innuendos reflecting on others who were looking for protection for their handicap.

The facts at issue are: Every insurance company, it matters not what sort of a company it is, puts a number of conditions, duties and obligations on the insured which must be literally performed or the insurance becomes void. Of course the company may and can excuse or waive performance of these obligations, but that is optional with the company. Every condition of this kind contained in an insurance policy is expressed plainly in print. Nothing binding on the company is left to conjecture, and the fact that Mr. Lanchantin admits there is no place in policies that imply the policy is void in case of the deafness of the insured, shows conjecture on his part.

Under the law an insurance company has the right to introduce conditions in its policies and it would appear, therefore, they have the right to set forth into the policies written recognition of deaf insurers. This they refuse to do. It is beside the question to refer to payments to a deaf-mute as showing adequate protection to the deaf in general. The company was under no legal obligation to pay a deaf-mute. There is absolutely no assurance of future action by insurance companies in connection with deaf insurers, except by implication, which is another way of saying out of sympathy.

Good faith has no relation to legal obligations. If the companies are willing to underwrite deaf-mutes, why not come out and say so openly, instead of by implication or otherwise? Legally bind themselves to pay deaf insurers just like normals. This they are not willing to do, not even Brown, Crosby and Co., at least they do not offer to do so in their "Self Explanatory Letter." Bull! Bull!! Bull!!!

As to premiums: The question whether or not the premium was paid when insurance began to run, is one that gives rise to many law suits.

The premium is the consideration for the policy and it must be paid when the insurance starts, unless the company waives its right to collect it then.

Paying an agent, like Brown, Crosby and Co., and obtaining receipts from such by no means clinches the contract because all companies reserve the right to cancel policies at any time and besides money paid to agents may not have been in company's hands because of being withheld by agents. By insisting upon a receipt for payment from the company, as distinct from that of agents, the standing of the insured is absolutely safeguarded, and if it be possible to obtain incorporated in receipt acknowledgment of the fact of deafness, there would be no cause for complaint on the part of the deaf.

I trust I have fully covered the case and exposed "bull" of Brown, Crosby *et al.*

P. S. Make note of the fact that Brown, Crosby and Co., make mention of insuring a deaf-mute, who met with several accidents of more or less seriousness and that they paid insurance without cavil. From the way Brown, Crosby and Co., express themselves, it would appear that they had insured only one deaf-mute and he collected several payments. To those who run, it will be easy to read, that on the basis of Brown, Crosby and Co.'s experience with the deaf-mutes, it is a 100% bad risk to insure one. I do not see how Fettscher's tribute to deaf drivers can improve conditions under the circumstances.

Typographical errors and breaks of the type are likely to occur anywhere in print, but most likely to come about in the printing department of a school for the deaf, and these lapses are forgiven. They are tragic sometime when they appear in my column, but most always comedy when they show up in another writer's department.

For instance;

Kelly Stevens writing from abroad, detailing the interesting life of Sculptor-Ranchman Iglesias wrote that the sculptor "modelled many men of affairs with unerring faithfulness and conviction," but when his story appears in its finished form the vital word unerring, this a far from perfect compositor and proof reader, take the joy out of the story, for here, too, a little leaven is excess baggage.

◆  
Mr. Howson's Argonaut Department is puzzled as to where he came across a recent recounting of the ills a deaf man meets in barber shops and other places, and I like to be helpful to my fellow staff writers and so am referring Mr. Howson to this department's December contribution.

◆  
Principal Stevenson of the Minnesota School was recently a visitor here to his home town, and for the first time since his activities were in either Minnesota, Kentucky or Kansas, he passed this office by, and the disappointment was the keener because I was going to ask him to explain the two names following taken from the *Companion's* roster of Mr. Stevenson's force. All I was going to ask was, "How come?"

(From list of teachers)  
Mossie Criscillis  
Mosie Criscillis

◆  
Say the Lone Star:

"It should be remembered that words, though difficult to get, give the deaf a medium for the exchange of ideas that enables them to communicate with all men, while signs, though easily gotten, limit their communication to the deaf part of the population, less than 4 in 10,000.—James Coffee Harris."

If Mr. Harris only knew and understood more about the sign language and the part it plays in our lives he would not be misled into making such an absurd statement.

◆  
When hearing friends, are puzzled by the uncertain gait of the adventitiously deaf, and particularly the wobble that darkness brings, it can be made clear to them by letting them read the following, which is taken from an illustrated article on the subject that appeared in the Chicago *American Home Journal* of March 13th:

The ear, marvelous and delicate instrument of hearing, has other duties to perform besides receiving sound impressions.

Three bony "semi-circular canals" inside each ear automatically preserve your balance, acting in the manner of a spirit-level. "Nerves of balance" leading from these canals to the brain convey telegraphic orders when you stand, sit or lean over, and the brain sets muscles going to keep you from falling. So acrobats specializing in balance feats may well be said to have "keen ears."

## The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE ..... Editor.  
GEORGE S. PORTER ..... Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading, this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

**Subscription price:** \$2.00 a year positively in advance. Liberal commission to subscription agents. Foreign subscriptions, \$2.50; Canada, \$2.25.

**Advertising rates** made known on application.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer not necessarily for publication, but as guarantee of good faith. Articles for publication should be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

**Rejected manuscripts** will not be returned unless postage is enclosed. Address all communications to

THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.



Vol. 38

APRIL, 1926

No. 7

## Preparing Our Youth for Citizenship

July 4, 1926, is the day on which we celebrate The Sesquicentennial of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence.

As part of this celebration the George H. Doran Company of 244 Madison Avenue, New York, will publish THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE FOR YOUNG AMERICANS. Short, dramatic, concise, this illuminating volume by George W. Gerwig should be in every American home before the Fourth of July.

Mr. Gerwig has been an educator for years. He is the author of "Washington, My Leader," of "Schools with a Perfect Score," etc. In this new volume he not only explains vividly just what each phrase of "The Declaration" means in our lives but shows how it can be practically applied to the organization of Junior Republics in our schools.

The book will be published on the sixteenth of April at \$1.25. It is of particular importance to the education of our youth.

## A Long Cruise

On February 25th, Editor Hodgson of the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* sailed on the S. S. "Adriatic" for a six weeks' Mediterranean cruise, going as far as Constantinople in Turkey, and Cairo in Egypt. He is joined on his trip by Messrs. Emanuel Souweine, Sylvester J. Fogarty and Henry C. Kohlman, all well known New Yorkers. We wish for the party an enjoyable trip and one that will give them renewed vigor and an extension of their useful lives.

## Theories of Learning Tested By Achievements of Deaf Children

Among the many interesting and valuable addresses and papers read at the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association, held recently in Washington, D. C., the one of particular interest to educators of the deaf was the paper on "Theories of Learning Tested by Achievements of Deaf Children," presented by Dr. Arthur I. Gates. Under the auspices of the Research Council in connection with Columbia University, Dr. Gates tried to discover the principles underlying the acquisition of language arts and to see if any light could be thrown on the training process in reading of normal children. He used a class of deaf children in order to test the real value of phonetic training, and because he felt that he could control conditions better in the matter of extraneous reading and other extraneous helps.

After giving a number of deaf children, ranging in grades from the third to the eighth, and in ages from five to twenty, a non-verbal intelligence test, the Burgess reading test, a spelling test, and a test of ability to read new words, the experiment showed extraordinary spelling ability on the part of deaf children, the errors being of an entirely different type from those of normal children, and also an exceptional ability to learn new words. From this Dr. Gates deducted that phonetic ability may help in reading but was a handicap in the learning of spelling.

He very soon discovered, however, that these deaf children presented entirely new problems, and he became so interested that he continued with his experiments in the hope of finding some method by which the deaf may be taught to read more efficiently. The incapacity of deaf children to read astounded him. On a Burgess test, half the number of pupils in a third grade (as rated by the school for the deaf) got zero, and the highest score was only two paragraphs read; in the eighth grade—age up to 18 years—very few could read more than three paragraphs. He recognized, of course, the tremendous language handicap involved in the problem of reading, but his theory is that it would be no more difficult for the deaf child to learn to read printed matter than it is to read the lips, provided he is surrounded at an early age by printed words.

Under his direction, two of his students, one a graduate and one an under-graduate, are experimenting with a group of beginning pupils, ranging in age from 4½ to 9 years, with an average of a trifle over 6 years, at one of the schools for the deaf in New York City, giving them a reading vocabulary of nouns, verbs and simple sentences, each one illustrated, and with extensive drill tests on the plan of choosing the right illustration for certain printed forms. This language they learn to read is entirely independent of, and as a matter

of fact, way beyond their speaking or lip-reading ability. Recently a Detroit Primary Reading Test was given, which was difficult inasmuch as it involved a different type of vocabulary from the one they had been taught, and used the printed form of the letters instead of the manuscript form to which the children had been accustomed, and while the control group all made a complete failure except one, the average score of the class was 15, normal children in the first grade scoring only 10.

Compared with normal children, progress in reading with these deaf children was very slow, of course, due to the following factors: (1) The average I. Q. of the class was below normal, from 93 to 95. (2) There was no background of experience of language—a normal child at the age of six has a vocabulary of about 3000 words. (3) The children had no study habits and no practice outside. (4) The deaf secure no incidental training. (5) The teachers were inexperienced in the control of a class of deaf children. (6) Difficulty of interpreting pupils' responses to stories, etc. (7) Difficulty to motivate a reading lesson, or even to explain what it is all about. (8) Inability to predict how much drill was needed.

The experiments have really only begun, and Dr. Gates expects to continue them for the rest of the year, and possibly for another year. The profession will certainly be grateful if he is instrumental in discovering a means of beginning the teaching of reading at an earlier age, because it is generally agreed that reading constitutes the main factor in a deaf child's acquisition of English.—T. B.

### The "L. P. F."

The tendency of the L. P. F. for the past two years has been to improve their publications. This is particularly noticeable in the covers. Instead of carrying the same design throughout the school year quite a number of them have a new design for each issue. This is made possible by the use of linoleum blocks, now so popular in all schools that have art departments. These designs are first sketched on paper, then transferred to lineolum, which are later cut out with a sharp knife and glued to blocks of a thickness that renders the whole type-high and suitable for printing from. Some very attractive effects in both black and white and in two or more colors is possible with this method, the excellence of the product being dependable on the skill of the worker. When a pupil creates something with the knowledge that it is to be used in a practical way, it enhances his or her interest considerably more than if it were being made with no particular object in view.

It is hoped that more of the schools will take up linoleum block printing not only because it makes their publications more attractive but on account of the excellent training it gives the pupils in illustrative art.

It would not be a bad idea for all the schools using it

to get up a national competition, inasmuch as it would stimulate ambition to improve their product.

### Criminals

It is not a pleasant task for us to print criminal news committed by the deaf because of the stigma it places on the deaf as a class, but we make an exception in the case of Pearlie Myers which we print on another page. His crime was inflicted on trusting deaf women and his arrest, trial and conviction was brought about by the deaf of Detroit. In exposing him in our magazine we hope it will serve as a lesson and a warning to all deaf people to never trust a stranger with either their money or love, nor become involved in their business ventures.

### Another Victory

Through the efforts of Ignatius Bjorlee, Superintendent of the Maryland School for the Deaf, the deaf of that state can now, after passing the road test and by complying to certain restrictions, obtain a driver's license.

The requirement that a hearing person must sit with the deaf driver will work a certain hardship and cause some embrassement. But it must be remembered that the hearing public is still dubious as to the abilities of the deaf and in this matter it is much better to accept half a loaf rather than none at all. Later on, when the public becomes accustomed to deaf drivers we are confident that the objectionable restrictions will eventually be removed.

### Distinguished Visitors

The WORKER office was honored recently with visits from two distinguished personages—Superintendent Elwood A. Stevenson of the Minnesota School for the Deaf and Jay Cooke Howard, of Duluth, Minn.

The last named was on a lecture tour and naturally included Trenton in his itinerary.

Mr. Howard has decided to retire from the real estate business, turning it over to his sons just as his father had done to him and his brother.

Mr. Howard has planned a trip with Caldwalader L. Washburn to the South Seas in September, taking along a special photograph outfit for tropical work, while Mr. Washburn will draw, paint and etch. Mr. Howard has promised to furnish the WORKER readers with a series of interesting illustrated articles about this little heard of country, and it is hoped also we will be able to reproduce some of Mr. Washburn's art work.

Our May issue promises to be exceptionally fine. Amateur photographers are sending in their best specimens and since there will be quite a number of them we have decided to add four extra pages, making 52, exclusive of the cover.



79th Company Belfast Girls Guides at the Ulster School for the Deaf

## Good Work by the Ulster School in Ireland

(From *Belfast Telegraph, Ireland.*)



THE RECENT success of the six blind children who won prizes in the "Belfast Telegraph" Essay Competitions arouses one's curiosity as to the deaf and dumb children who receive their education under the same roof.

Under the new Education Act afflicted children must be sent to school, and this rule is extending the work of the Institute for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind considerably, the most notable development being that the children come earlier under the care of specially trained teachers, and teachers and pupils each have a fairer field to work upon.

The aim of every school of this type is to fit the children as much as possible for ordinary life, to make them, if possible, self-supporting citizens. At an international conference in England last summer this point was very strongly emphasised.

It is fair to ask "Can the Institution on Lisburn Road do this?" While the "Telegraph" representative was there the other day a lady passed through the hall. She, too, was a visitor, but it was explained that once she had been a pupil of the school. She is stone deaf, therefore was also dumb. She passed through the school, and is now earning her own living in a business establishment in Belfast. To do so in these hard days of competition she must be able successfully to compete with the average business girl.

One of the teachers in the school was once a pupil there. She is stone deaf, and was therefore also dumb, for dumbness is usually the result of deafness. Now she can teach others similarly afflicted. The ten girls of about 14 years in her class are bright and intelligent. To look at them one would fancy one was looking at a class of average children, unless it is that there is very much less formality. Deaf children are encouraged to be as lively as possible. Noise does not disturb them, and it is good for them to develop activity and to suit each word to an action. Thus, if the teacher writes "hop" on the blackboard each child begins to do so.

On the blackboard in Miss Lewis' class-room (the teacher was once a pupil) was written an account of the

life of St. Patrick, quite as difficult in its method of treatment as girls of the same age would read in their books. Every long and hard word was underlined and was carefully explained. On another board was written an announcement that Lord Londonderry had resigned his seat in the Ulster Cabinet, and that Lord Charlesmont was now Minister of Education. Miss Lewis has been made captain of the newly-organized Girl Guide Company of deaf and dumb girl pupils of the school, the first such company in Ireland.

The teaching in the school is that of the ordinary public elementary school, and the pupils are inspected in the same way as all other children in Ulster. Some are, of course, harder to develop than others. There is, for instance, a girl who, like Helen Keller, is blind as well as deaf and dumb. Her progress must, of course, be slow, but she is intelligent and can talk glibly on her fingers. All other deaf children are taught the lip language.

The children are never taught a trade there, but they are prepared, when possible, so that they can learn a trade. The boys learn simple tailoring and carpentry; the girls hand and machine sewing and hand and machine knitting. On leaving school they may, if possible, be apprenticed to a trade, and compete with their fellow apprentices on equal terms. To teach them to compete on terms as nearly as possible equal is the great aim of the school. The terms are, of course, very seldom equal, but a great deal is gained that they can compete at all.

In the newly-organised Guide Company attached to the school, which was only started a few weeks before Christmas, every girl has passed her tenderfoot badge, some are competent signallers, and all the girls are expert at knot-tying. Is not that a record? Look in on any Thursday evening, and see eighteen of the smartest, brightest little Girl Guides in the city, working like niggers for their second-class badge.

Miss Lewis, who is captain of the company, maintains that they are going "to beat the Scout company" of the Institution. That is a big ideal, because that particular company of Scouts is extremely smart.

It was interesting to watch the company at drill, at which they are excellent. Without the stimulus of brisk words of command, the movements are gone through in faultless time. Signalling is another branch of guiding in which they shine. They are quick and smart at sending and reading. With regard to knot-tying, which is a treat to watch, nearly all the girls can make the sheepshanks, bowlines, reef knots, etc., behind their backs almost as quickly as when looking at them. Wouldn't Sir Robert Baden-Powell would be pleased if he knew of this accomplishment, which is one of his pet attainments!

Unfortunately, the girls are prevented from singing, and, therefore, "rounds," which are at present very popular with Ulter Guide companies, have to be omitted from their programme; but in dancing—country dancing, Spanish dancing, Irish jigs, Scotch reels, etc.—they could entertain one for hours on end. The entertainer's badge, to obtain which one is required to sing and dance, will be completed by these Guides by learning a greater number of dances to replace the songs. Other badge tests will be modified in the same way, but the "tests" will be no lighter, no easier than for an ordinary company.

Another point on which they score is that all the Guides in this company are experienced cooks, so will have no difficulty later on in qualifying for the much-coveted "cook's" badge. At present Miss Lewis is determined (and so are the Guides) to have a company of sceond-class badge Guides before any one girl earns a proficiency badge.

A "Telegraph" representative who inspected the company had never seen the girls at work in the schools, but, in her opinion, the training which they received there enables them to start their Guide training with the same advantages and to take their place quite on a level with the public elementary girls who join the ordinary Guide com-

3. Licenses to be restricted to the operation of automobiles which are equipped with a properly adjusted rear-view mirror.

4. Horn or other warning device—which the law requires must be on all motor vehicles—to be tested immediately prior to every trip; this test to be made by the heretofore mentioned hearing and speaking companion of the operator.

5. No license to be issued to a deaf person who has any other and additional physical disability—other than that of being mute as well as deaf.

6. Applicants' fitness and qualifications to receive a license to be investigated and recommended, favorably or unfavorably, to the Commissioner, who retains the right to disregard such recommendation, by a committee of three competent persons.

7. This Committee to consist of Professor Ignatius Bjorlee, Superintendent of the Maryland School for the Deaf at Frederick, Md., who shall act as its chairman; and two other competent persons, one of whom shall be a resident of the Eastern Shore of Maryland and one of them shall be a resident of Baltimore City. The two members of this committee last mentioned shall be appointed by the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles upon the nomination and recommendation of Professor Bjorlee.

8. The license issued to deaf persons shall in all instances be issued only after all requirements as to passing the usual examination on the provisions of the automobile law, and giving a driving demonstration satisfactory to the Commissioner have been complied with.

The following letter shows the present status of the whole matter:

February 18, 1926.

My dear Col. Baughman:

Following up the conversation which Mr. Charles Mathias and myself had with you at the office on Tuesday, I would state as follows with reference to the restrictions outlined by you to be imposed against deaf automobile drivers.

I feel that a step in the right direction has been made toward the ultimate goal which should give the deaf such privileges as I feel they are entitled to. My absolute confidence in the ability of the deaf to drive on equal terms with the hearing, assures me that from time to time you will see your way to clear to modify these restrictions.

I have gone over the paper very carefully and feel that in view of the fact that the deaf are, so to speak, on probation, you have dealt very fairly with them. I have the highest regard for the definite and determined stand which you take on matters of conviction and trust you will understand the zeal with which I have sponsored the cause of the deaf in this matter is brought by a similar conviction on my part, that the deaf will not prove a menance upon the highways or an added burden to your department.

In the interest of the deaf who I feel confident will demonstrate to you during the period of probation their ability to drive, I accept the appointment as chairman of the advisory committee, and will strive to serve both yourself and the deaf to the best of my judgment.

IGNATIUS BJORLEE.

—The Maryland Bulletin, Feb., 1926.

## Deaf Autoists Get Concessions

**A**T LAST the deaf of Maryland are to be given an opportunity to demonstrate to the Commissioner of Maryland, Colonel E. Austin Baughman, their ability to successfully operate motor vehicles. The following restrictions will for the present be in effect but we have the assurance of the Commissioner that as records of satisfactory operation so justify he will from time to time remove the restrictions.

We shall not go into a detailed discussion of the restrictions at this time, but would urge prospective deaf drivers to secure copies of "Motor Vehicle Law" and make a thorough study of same before attempting to secure a driver's permit.

It is hoped that arrangements can be completed by March 1st. Announcements as to the two additional members of the advisory committee will be made through the Baltimore papers prior to that date.

### PROBATIONARY RESTRICTIONS

1. Deaf persons will be permitted to operate an automobile only when accompanied, on the driving seat, by a speaking person of normal hearing and of at least sixteen years of age.

2. The driving privileges granted under Maryland licenses to deaf persons to be limited to the operation of an automobile within the boundaries of the State of Maryland; the said license to be void in any state other than Maryland.

## Wanted

At a progressive school for the deaf, a competent foreman and instructor to take charge of the tailoring department at the beginning of the term next fall. An excellent opening in a desirable location amid congenial surroundings. The address of the superintendent will be supplied on request and any communication bearing on the matter sent the undersigned will be promptly forwarded to the superintendent.

J. H. Cloud.

2606 Virginia Ave. St. Louis, Mo.



*Photographs by Henry J. Pulver*

August 9-14, 1926



*United States Capitol in Winter*

#### THE CAPITOL

*"But lo, the dome, the vast and wondrous dome,  
To which Diana's temple was a shell!"*



THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL. The most beautiful capitol building anywhere in the world. "That vast and wondrous dome,"—the model upon which the dome of nearly all the state capitols were patterned.

The edifice in which the laws that govern the greatest sovereign nation in the world are made. Does not the heart of every true American burn within him at the thought?

It rises majestically from the top of Capitol Hill, looking down to the North upon the magnificent Union Station, only three blocks away, and to the west upon Pennsylvania Avenue, the Appian Way of the New World. From its dome, one can look down upon the Mall, with its many striking monuments and buildings, such as the White House, the U. S. Treasury, the Washington Monu-

ment and the Lincoln Memorial. In fact, from this sheer altitude, one can behold at a single visual sweep the whole of the Capitol City, lying below, green and white and red, in geometrical squares of most exquisite symmetry, and looking from this vast height ever so much as Lilliputia looked to the esteemed Gulliver. In its scene grandeur, the Capitol seems to say, "I have stood here a hundred years and more, and I shall stand as long as America doth last."

It was back in 1790 that the Capitol building was commenced. George Washington laid the cornerstone, and from his thoroughness in the episode of the late lamented cherry tree, and in these affairs at Trenton and Yorktown, one can well imagine that he did this job thoroughly, as well. After the cornerstone ceremony, there was a pig-roast, presided over by no less a personage than Washington himself, and free food and liquid refreshments were dispensed *ad lib.* In the words of the ancient chronicler, "Ye meat was free to all, and ye thirsty went not dry away." But this was before St. Andrew of Min-

nesota had arisen to hurl his lance full tilt thru the shield and buckler of John Barleycorn.

The Capitol Building, though thus uproarously commenced, was to pass thru many vicissitudes 'ere it should be completed. In 1815, what there was of it was seized



*East Front U. S. Capitol*

and burnt by British troops, under the infamous Admiral Cockburn. And it was remodeled and altered, and pushed hither and pulled yon according to the whims of successive architects. The dome was not finished till the time of the war between the States.

There is perhaps no building in the world that possesses so many paintings and works of sculpture as the Capitol. There are fairly thousands of them. And these extends all the way from high art, thru successive degrees of mediocrity down to the hoe and spade school of "art." Perhaps nowhere else can one behold the amazing, (*albeit hilarious*), spectacle of six-fingered men, and three-legged (even five-footed) horses. But while among the thousands of art (and so-called "art") objects in the Capitol, there is much dross, that more appropriately belongs in Kelly's pool emporium or Uncle Abe's hock-shop, there are also works of the highest merit, that rank among the masterpieces of the world. It is worth a trip to Washington, just to see the Capitol works of art,—the painting of Stuart and Peale and West and Sargent,—the sculpture of Houdon and Mills and French.

Concerning the art of the Capitol, many classic anecdotes are told. There, for instance, is the tale of Lo, the poor Indian. Upon seeing over the east portico the sculpture of Samoset giving the Pilgrims corn, he ex-



*The Capitol at night*

claimed, "Indian feeds white man." Later, when shown a painting of Pocahontas saving the life of John Smith, he grunted and said, "Indian saves white man's life." Then, upon seeing the painting of Daniel Boone with his foot on the neck of a prostrate aborigine, he cried, with

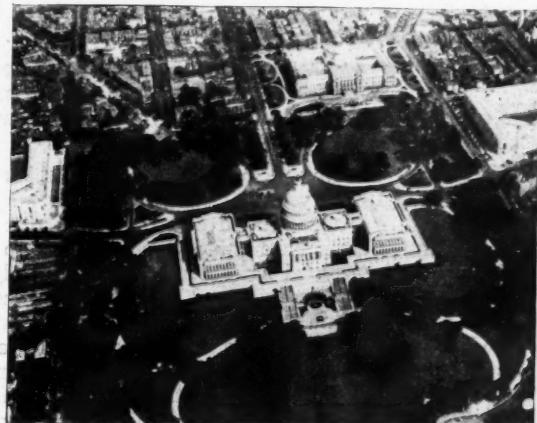
great excitement, "See, white man kills Indian!" Lo, the poor Indian!

Now our tale of the Capitol must cease for the nonce. Our space is exhausted, and if we continue, Editor Porter will without doubt swing the editorial axe. However, we hope we have written enough to whet your appetite, and have aroused in you a healthy desire to see the Capitol with your own eyes. See its art treasures. See the Senate and House of Representatives. See the Supreme Court. See the Halls of state where your laws are made. See America first, BUT SEE THE CAPITOL OF YOUR COUNTRY FIRST OF ALL!

#### OPENING DAY OF THE CONVENTION

Have you ever seen the opening of a big convention? If not, here is your chance. List, while I a tale unfold.

It is August ninth. The great Union Station of Washington is all bustle and hurry. N. A. D.'s and N. A. Desses are arriving on every train. N. A. D. banners everywhere. Arms and fingers agitating the atmosphere. Crowds swarming around the N. A. D. information booth, in the station concourse. Treasurer Stewart is mopping his brow with his trusty bandana, and Chairman Marshall is fanning himself with a news-



*Capitol from the air*

paper, and wishing he was hence, somewhere near the North Pole. Local Committee members are scurrying hither and yon, directing the pippin from Kalamazoo and the peach from Georgia to taxi's and street-cars. Joyous pandemonium has broken loose and is galloping around.

Comes evening. Order out of chaos. The hour is eight, the place the grand ballroom of the Willard, and the event the opening Reception. A scene of gayety, joyousness and high spirits unfolds. The lights shine on fair women and bold men. A thousand hearts beat happily, and when,—but we are getting ahead of the program. First come speeches by bald-headed senators and other big bugs, with responses by N. A. D.'s chosen as victims for this Roman holiday. All this is soon over, and lines form to file past Prexy and Mrs. Roberts to exchange friendly handclasps with them.

Now the floor is cleared, and the orchestra strikes up and the whirl of the livelong dance is on. Some shake their feet to the manner born, others with the try anything once spirit, while still others, deeming discretion the better part of valor, sit on the sidelines and watch the fun. Bro Pach with the Georgia peach, and Bro Fox with the Yakima pippin are in the van of the revelry.

while Miss Lamson is showing the youngest college boy how much he has still to learn of the dawnce. The Belle of Washington is instructing Jay Cooke in the mysteries of the Charleston, and Bro Fancher is teaching the orchestra a new line of sharps and flats. Editor Porter is alternately running his movie camera and pounding his typewriter, while Dr. Cloud is discussing the oral method with Mrs. Coolidge. Swish of silken draperies, glimmering lights, shining eyes, twinkling heels, hearts beating high. "No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet, to chase the glowing hours with flying feet."—Thus till the milkman makes his rounds.

Now, if the above is not a true forecast, I will eat (drink),—well, never mind what I will eat, but just you wait and see.

## The Art Informative

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Silent Observer*, of the Tennessee school tells what the linotype has done for him in promoting his education as well as in helping him to earn a living. He says:

I am glad that you have two linotypes now. A linotype is literally worth its weight in gold—to me, at least. Last month, I made \$384.70 at the keyboard and I have done better than this.

I have worked eleven years on linotypes and think I have averaged \$2800 a year. It brings me money. But that is not all. I have learned a lot of things that I would otherwise never have known without going to a college or a university. I have acquired this knowledge because I have to read everything I set. I have learned about a thousand different things, but I think I have learned more about business methods, systems and practices than anything else. I have set all kinds of forms, blanks, booklets, house organs and trade periodicals for all kinds of businesses, trades and professions. I have set almost everything, from maternity pocket lists, for a nurses' journal, to hints on embalming, for the Southern Funeral Director. If I remember rightly I have set matter for 76 different trade periodicals. I once had the privilege of working on the constitution, laws and rituals of the K. K. K. This was all done between sun-downs and sunrises, while I was alone in the shop, and I have sometimes wondered if this were not purposely arranged.

Sometimes I think that if I could hear I might make a good lawyer. I have set countless law briefs and legal forms so often that I know them by heart and could almost set them without having copy on the keyboard. I like law work, as the copy is nearly always well prepared and typewritten. I might also make a firstclass farmer if I had the land and cared to leave the linotype. Year after year I have set bulletins covering practically everything connected with agriculture, from meterology down to analysis of the soil.

In addition to the composition for trades, businesses and professions, I have done much composition of a religious nature for all denominations except the Roman Catholic. Once I set a bulky argument for a certain sect which purported to prove that the Sabbath is the seventh and not the first day of the week.—*Kentucky Standard*.

## TO ALL AND SUNDRY

Washington awaits you. All arrangements have been made for your comfort and entertainment. If you should not see what you want, ask for it. Now help yourself to a piece of good-time pie. Come to the N. A. D. Convention. Come to Washington. One, two, three, go!

For information, write Sec'y W. P. Sounder, Census Bureau, Washington, D. C.

## ON TO WASHINGTON N. A. D.

AUG. 9—14th, 1926.

HENRY J. PULVER,  
*Publicity Agent.*

**OFFICIAL ROUTE**  
TO THE  
**NATIONAL CONVENTION**  
IN  
**DENVER**  
—  
**JULY**  
**1927**

Watch the columns of The Silent Worker for details about **Special Train**

Burlington Route

P. S. EUSTIS  
Passenger Traffic Manager Chicago

# National Association of the Deaf

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS, President, 358 E. 59th St., Chicago, Ill.

O. W. UNDERHILL, First Vice-President  
School for the Deaf, St. Augustine, Fla.

MRS. C. L. JACKSON, Second Vice-President  
937 Lucile Ave., S. W., Atlanta, Ga.

F. A. MOORE, Secretary and Treasurer  
School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.



THOMAS F. FOX, Board Member  
99 Ft. Washington Ave., N. Y. City.

J. W. HOWSON, Board Member  
California School for the Deaf, Berkeley, Cal.

EDW. S. FOLTZ, Board Member  
School for the Deaf, Olathe, Kansas.

*Organized 1800. Incorporated 1900. An organization for the Welfare of all the Deaf*

## OBJECTS

- To educate the Public as to the Deaf;
- To advance the intellectual, professional, and industrial status of the Deaf;
- To aid in the establishment of Employment Bureaus for the Deaf in the State and National Departments of Labor;
- To oppose the unjust application of Liability Laws in the case of Deaf Workers;
- To combat unjust discrimination against the Deaf in the Civil Service or other lines of employment;
- To co-operate in the improvement, development, and extension of educational facilities for Deaf children;
- To encourage the use of the most approved and successful methods of instruction in schools for the Deaf, the adaptation of such methods to the need of individual pupils, and to oppose the indiscriminate application of any single method to all;
- To seek the enactment of stringent laws for the suppression of the impostor evil—hearing persons posing as deaf-mutes;
- To raise an Endowment Fund, the income of which is to be devoted to the furthering of the objects of the Association;
- To erect a National Memorial to Charles Michael de l'Epee, the universal benefactor of the Deaf;
- To combat unjust discrimination against the deaf in the use of the automobile;
- To be of useful service to the Deaf in every way possible.

## MEMBERSHIP

**Regular Members:** Deaf Citizens of the United States;  
**Associate Members:** Deaf persons not citizens of the United States and Hearing persons interested in the welfare of the Deaf.

## FEES AND DUES

Initiation Fee, \$1.00; Annual dues, 50c. Life membership, \$10 paid into the Endowment Fund at one time.

Official Organs: The Silent Worker and the Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

Every deaf citizen and all others interested in the advancement of the Deaf along educational and industrial lines are urged to join the Association and co-operate financially and otherwise in promoting its objects.

Life memberships, donations and bequests towards the increase of the Endowment fund are especially needed and earnestly solicited to the end that permanent headquarters, in charge of salaried experts, may be maintained for the more efficient and vigorous prosecution of the work of the Association.

## Join Now

### AVOID THE JAM AT WASHINGTON

If you are planning to attend the N. A. D. convention in Washington, D. C. next summer, you surely will want to become a member of the Association. But why wait for Washington? Why not join now and avoid the jam and long waits which are usually encountered in enrolling at conventions.

Your dollar sent in now will entitle you to membership in the Association up to June 1, 1927, the same as if you had joined in Washington.

When your fee is received, a receipt will be sent you crediting you with membership up to June 1, 1927.

### AVOID THE RUSH AND LONG WAIT.

Fees should be sent to F. A. Moore, Secretary-Treasurer, School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.

## Come On in---The Water's Fine

Here's the first group of Immortals who have since the launching of the life-membership drive jumped in to lend their support to the boosting of the Endowment fund over the \$10,000 mark before the Washington convention. Every one says that the water is fine, and that there is plenty of room for more.

A well known member of long standing writes: "What you say on your card in connection with life-membership in the N. A. D. is too true to pass by unheeded, so enclosed please find a ten-dollar bill for which I am glad to become one of the 150 new life-members."

Why not jump in and enjoy yourself too?

No.	NAME	STATE
322	Bessie B. McGregor	Ohio
323	Elmer L. Eby	Pennsylvania
324	Edward D. England	Missouri
325	Mrs. Edward D. England	Missouri
326	Leopold A. Froning	Missouri
327	Mrs. Leopold A. Froning	Missouri
328	Roy N. Lynch	Missouri
329	Mrs. Roy N. Lynch	Missouri
330	Ernest DeLaura	New Jersey
331	Conrad Och	Maryland
332	The Rev. A. D. Bryant	District of Columbia
333	James W. Belk	North Carolina
334	Rhoda Cowden (Associate)	Illinois
335	J. C. Craig	Pennsylvania
336	G. M. Teegarden	Pennsylvania
337	Ernest Zell	Ohio
338	John Dwyer	Missouri
339	Berthold Clark	Missouri
340	Oscar Tasche	Missouri
341	Edward L. Miller	Missouri
342	Harry Roesch	Missouri

Read again the above list.

Note that eleven from Missouri have rushed in to boost. As a rule those from Missouri must be shown before they take any step. They have been shown and are convinced as to the good of life-membership in the N. A. D. This being so, why do you hesitate? JOIN NOW!

## Life Membership

The NATIONAL ASSOCIATION wants a STABLE and PERMANENT membership.

The ASSOCIATION is NOT in business TO MAKE MONEY.

IT is in business to DO THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER.

To ACCOMPLISH this, it MUST HAVE MONEY to PAY OPERATING EXPENSES.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP helps both YOU and the ASSOCIATION.

It frees you of the BOTHER in paying SMALL ANNUAL DUES; it gives YOU a CERTAIN PRIDE in the knowledge that YOU are a PERMANENT MEMBER of an association STRIVING TO BETTER THE CONDITION OF THE DEAF; it places YOU on the LARGE and GROWING ROLL of HONOR composed of LIFE MEMBERS.

The ASSOCIATION is relieved of the TROUBLE and EXPENSE in collecting small annual dues; it secures a PERMANENT and DEPENDABLE membership; and is ENABLED to INAUGURATE PROJECTS that otherwise would be IMPOSSIBLE.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP is now fixed at TEN DOL- LARS.

This sum at 4 or 5 per cent interest gives the Association a return of from forty to fifty cents yearly. The expense of collecting the yearly dues is close to ten cents per member.

Both from YOUR standpoint and that of the ASSOCIATION, LIFE MEMBERSHIP is PREFER- ABLE to the payment of SMALL ANNUAL DUES.

Let us have MORE LIFE MEMBERS. Let us ADD YOUR NAME to the list of IMMORTALS who have joined the TRIUMPHAL MARCH toward STABILITY, ECONOMY, and EFFICIENCY.

LET'S REACH THE \$10,000 MARK BEFORE THE WASHINGTON CONVENTION.

Send your TEN DOLLARS to the Secretary-Treasurer, who will send you a LIFE-MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATE, and deposit your money in the ENDOWMENT FUND.

## Dues

The Secretary-Treasurer will be rushed with work in connection with the Washington convention around the time of the next due date of the Association, June 1. In order to relieve him of too great a rush dues should be sent in now. This will be doing him a great favor.

If possible send in \$10 for life-membership and help boost the Endowment fund over the \$10,000 mark before the Washington convention.

Send dues and fees to Frederick A. Moore, Sec'y-Treas., School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.

## Notice to Organizers and Agents

If you have not already done so, an effort should be made to collect all dues in your district, as well as to secure new members. Literature stating the objects of the Association and containing application blanks has already been sent you. This literature should be distributed to prospective members as early as possible, and

when you have collected dues and fees, these should be sent in at an early date so as to avoid the rush on the part of the Secretary-Treasurer in connection with other work associated with the Washington convention.

The Association is making a supreme effort to reach the \$10,000 mark in the Endowment fund before the Washington convention. In securing members emphasis should be placed upon the value and convenience of Life Membership, and as many Life-Members obtained as possible.

The Secretary-Treasurer expects you to cover your district thoroughly and feels sure that every organizer will report 100 per cent results.

## N. A. D. Pins and Buttons

The Secretary-treasurer has on hand a supply of NAD pins and buttons finished in gold and blue enamel. The pins are suitable for ladies, the buttons for men. These emblems are very attractive and will be sent to any member post-paid for seventy-five cents. Send orders to the Secretary-Treasurer, N. A. D., School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.

Loneliness can only be conquered by generosity: only by putting aside my moods and my feelings, and by throwing myself into others', by seeking for means of helping them, by going out of my way and putting aside my own convenience.—*Bede Jarrett*.



"THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN"  
Mr. Adolph Kresin, of Port Huron, Mich.,  
and Dr. J. H. Cloud, of St. Louis. At the  
N. F. S. D. Tablet unveiling at  
Flint, Mich., last June.

*The Present Torresdale Home*

## Forty - Five Years of Achievement

*The Astonishing Work of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf*

By WARREN M. SMALTZ



ON THE 13th day of October in the year 1880 there assembled in room number 33 of what is now Gallaudet College, a group of high-minded young students who were fired with the conviction that Pennsylvania needed an organization devoted to the welfare and interests of the deaf people of the State. Those twelve young students possessed the courage of their convictions, and despite some initial disappointments, a call was issued for a general meeting of the deaf of Pennsylvania. This first convention of the deaf people of the State convened at Harrisburg, in the Hall of the House of Representatives; and there, on May 10th, 1881, "the Pennsylvania State Association of Deaf-Mutes" was born. Seven years later this association changed its name to "The Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf." And finally, in 1891, the Society was formally incorporated by the Court of Common Pleas Number 3, of Philadelphia County.

Such, in the most meagre outline, is the story of the birth and development of what present-day Pennsylvanians call, with affectionate abbreviation, "the P. S. A. D." From very humble beginnings it has grown and prospered until today its influence extends throughout the State, wherever deaf people are found; and its success has become proverbial. All this is due, beyond doubt, to the objects for which it exists,—objects which every thinking deaf person cannot but endorse. As early as the time of its second Convention in 1884 the purpose of the Society was outlined by its first president, the Rev. Henry Winter Syle, who stated that it aimed to advance the general interests of the

deaf, and to relieve any of the deaf who might be "suffering with blindness, or other extreme distress." Throughout the forty-five years of its existence the Society has consistently maintained this original purpose, and its charter of incorporation expressly states that the objects of the association are those of "advancing the interests of the deaf; and the establishment and maintenance of a home for blind, aged, and infirm deaf persons."

How this Society has fulfilled its first object of promoting the welfare of the deaf forms a story that, even in its bald outline, is almost impossible of belief. It was the first association of record to agitate the undesirability of the word "mute" as applied to the deaf, having raised this question as far back as its first convention in 1881. But it did not expend its energies in a mere discussion of matters more or less purely theoretical, but laboriously and persistently endeavored to secure legislative enactments looking toward an improved status of the deaf in a world of reality. Largely by reason of the Society's initiative and aggressive persistence, it has achieved the following astonishing results for the Pennsylvania deaf:

1. By legislative enactment the deaf of the State have been placed upon the same footing as any other employees in obtaining compensation under the Employers' Liability Law.
2. It secured the passage of a compulsory education law applicable to deaf children, after having agitated the matter since its convention of 1907.
3. It secured the passage of a revised statute governing the issuance of licenses to automobile drivers, whereby any

discrimination against the deaf of the State as operators of motor vehicles was removed.

4. It obtained from the Registrar of Motor Vehicles concession whereby deaf applicants for drivers' licenses are passed upon by a committee of three **deaf** individuals. Thus



*Mrs. Fogg is 93 years old. At present she is bed ridden. Deaf and dumb. No living relatives. But for the Home, she would be alone in the world.*

any official prejudice against the deaf driver is rendered innocuous.

5. It was active in securing an appropriation from the State whereby any deaf student who is otherwise qualified may, if he so desires, enter any institution of higher learning in the United States and receive \$500.00 per annum toward his educational expenses.

6. It has reduced the deaf and dumb impostor evil, a form of begging as practiced by unscrupulous hearing persons, by having the law against impostors so rigidly enforced that the evil has nearly disappeared.

Thus has the Society kept faith in endeavoring to fulfil its first object. Had its work ended here, it would still have a just claim to the love and respect of the deaf. But it was equally mindful of its second purpose, as witness the following:

1. It established, and has since maintained, a Home for aged, infirm and blind deaf persons.

2. It obtained County Aid for its Home. That is, the Trustees of the Home may at their discretion remove any deaf inmate from any county almshouse in the State to the Society's Home; and that county will be obliged to pay to the Home such an amount as is the per capita cost of maintaining inmates in the county home.

The Society established its first Home at Doylestown, Pa., in 1902. During nearly a quarter of a century of wonderful service this Home cared for a total of fifty-seven deaf individuals who were unfortunate by reason of blindness, infirmity, or old age. In time the Home became inadequate in size to meet the demand made upon it. The

Society again rose to the emergency, and in 1925 purchased buildings at Torresdale, Philadelphia, which are more than three times larger than the old Home. This new Home is now under the heavy burden of a \$25,000.00 mortgage, which the Society is laboring heroically to remove. Within the last six months the deaf of Pennsylvania have pledged nearly \$10,000.00 for this purpose. It is probable that no similar organization of the deaf can show a parallel achievement. It is characteristic of the Pennsylvania deaf to do all in their power to help themselves, before soliciting the aid of the hearing or of others, whether within or outside the borders of the State. The deaf of Pennsylvania have a pardonable pride in their own independence; and well they might, for the present value of the Society's assets is approximately \$160,000.00.

Thus has the "P. S. A. D." kept faith with the deaf. Its solicitude has extended to deaf children, and to seeing that all were given the priceless advantage of an elementary education. It has provided a tremendous aid to the poor deaf youth who desires to go to college. It has aided the average deaf citizen to enjoy equal privileges with the hearing. And finally its strong arms reach out to help the aged, unfortunate deaf; providing a Home where a serene old age may be spent in calm security, and in happy daily association with fellow deaf people.

Small wonder that the original 42 members of the Society who gathered at Harrisburg in 1881 have today swelled to a membership of five hundred and fifty! And the "P. S. A. D.", strong in the knowledge of its past achievements, hopefully and courageously looks forward to deeds of service in the years to come.



*Arnold L. Slater, one of the most popular young men (deaf) of Rochester. Press feeder of the Verway Printing Co., Rochester, N. Y., for about eleven years.*

#### NO MORE BATHS

Mother—Never do anything, Johnny, that you would be ashamed to have the world see you doing.

Johnny—Hooray! No more baths!—Everybody's.

# AN OUTSIDERS'S VIEWS

*On the Recent Controversy, in Regard to Names of the Committee on The Gallaudet Replica at Hartford*

By THOMAS W. HAMRICK, Jr.



MAY, or may not, utter views of the majority of the deaf in the United States. I am not afraid. I welcome criticism and profit by it. I am entitled to my own views, no matter how contrary they are.

I picked up the SILENT WORKER and read an account of the unveiling of the Gallaudet statue replica at Hartford which was on September the seventh last. The account was well written, and it interested me much. BUT I DID NOT FIND ANY FAULT AT ALL, WITH THE REPLICA. IT DID NOT MOVE ME TO CRITICIZE IT. I LOOKED AT THE WORDS INSCRIBED ON THE SIDES OF THE REPLICA. THEN I FELT SATISFIED.



Front, right and left sides of the Replica of the Gallaudet

The names of the committee are inscribed on the monument. YES. Where? In the back of the monument. That is all right, since the names are in the back—not in the front—not on the left side nor on the right side. Why find fault with it? Is this criticism justified? I doubt it.

TOO LATE. The work has been done. The names of the committee shall stand, not removed. They are entitled to the honor. Remember their names are in the back of the monument. DO YOU SEE?

The glory of GALLAUDET is reflected in the monument, but the names of the committee will not, will never cheapen the replica. I do not see how the replica will be cheapened by names of individuals that formed the committee.

Monuments, replicas, cornerstones and other stone

works do bear names of committees in charge, in certain localities. In other localities they do not.

The pedestal of the original statue at Washington, unveiled in 1889, bears the names of Messrs. Hodgson, Froelich and Draper, who constituted the committee in charge of that project. Somebody says there was a controversy at that time, but I doubt it. Where is the proof? Is such a record of the controversy in question kept, or was it mentioned in the SILENT WORKER at that time? If there is no record kept nor was mentioned in the SILENT WORKER then, it was only a controversy between a few persons having a grudge or something with the committee. The names of the committee have been on that pedestal, to these thirty-six (36) years. No attempt was made to



statue recently placed in front of the Hartford School

remove them, as there was no funds and no committee was appointed to supervise the work of removing the names.

If all of my views are wrong and are not the sentiments of the majority of the deaf, I'll send in an apology and shake hands with my opponents.

If the names of the committee on the Hartford and Washington pedestals are ordered to be removed, who will remove them? Who will furnish the funds? Who will select the new committee and the man to remove them?

How is it that Daniel Chester French, the sculptor, allowed committee's names to be carved into the Hartford pedestal and the Washington pedestal? Did not he suggest their correction or removal? He should have said something.

If the names of the committee are ordered removed, will this part of the monument be scratched or smoothed.

*Back of the Replica*

out? What else will be inscribed thereon, to take the place of the removed names?

Who will answer these questions in the *SILENT WORKER*? They are important to me, as well as the majority of the United States deaf.

### Notice to the Public!!!

In our account of the Brooklyn Frat Ball last month it appears we did a grave injustice to our most esteemed contemporary, Mr. Alexander Pach. We erroneously stated that he was seen flirting with a girl in red silk stockings.

In a letter of vigorous denial of this allegation Mr. Pach soundly berates us for casting a blot on his fair escutcheon, and goes on to say that (a) he never flirted with a girl in his life, and (b) when he did, she never wore red stockings!

Why, Mister Pach, we never blotted up your escutcheon! We never even saw your escutcheon! In fact, we wouldn't know what an escutcheon was if we should see one.

However, after looking into the matter thoroly, we do admit that we were mistaken about Mr. Pach flirting with a girl in red silk stockings, and hasten to apologize in a manly, straightforward way as one gent to another, and do what we can to set matters right for all concerned by retracting the "red silk stocking" statement.

Therefore, we beg to announce to the world in general and the *SILENT WORKER* readers in particular that Mr. Pach was not seen flirting with a girl in red stockings that night. It must have been some other night. The girl we saw him flirting with that night did not wear red stockings at all—they were merely a deep shade of pink!

Now that I have apologized and explained matters satisfactorily to everybody not concerned, I trust Mr. Pach will be equally enthused with the spirit of reciprocity and withdraw his reprehensible remarks anent my blotting up his escutcheon.

[Signed] HENRY P. CRUTCHER.

### Dr. Taylor's Dinner

Dr. Harris Taylor, who has devoted thirty-six years to instruction of the deaf, was honored last night by the Trustees of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes at a dinner in the Harmonie Club, No. 4 East 60th Street.

Dr. Taylor is Principal of the Institution and President of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf.

Those at the speakers' table included: Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, President, National Geographic Society; Felix H. Levy, President of the Institution of which Dr. Taylor is Principal; Dr. Solomon Lowenstein, Executive Director of the Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies; Dr. Frank P. Graves, State



A. L. PACH PHOTO.

Dr. Harris Taylor

Commissioner of Education; Dr. Charles H. Johnson, Secretary of State Board of Charities, and Bird S. Coler, Commissioner of Public Welfare.

Others present included:

B. W. Bartram, Miss Edith M. Buell, Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. Cullman, J. Clarence Davies, Miss Mabel L. Doud, Abraham Erlanger, Mrs. Rachel Friend, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Goldsmith, Hugo Goldsmith, Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Greene, Elbert A. Gruver, John B. Hague, Miss E. Frances Hancock, G. T. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Leo H. Hirsch, Clarence J. Housman, Miss Evelyn Krupp, Mrs. Felix H. Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander J. Marcuse, Mr. and Mrs. A. Piza Mendes, Mrs. Mortimer M. Menken, Benjamin Mordecai, Mr. and Mrs. Sol. E. Rains, Louis J. Robertson, Mrs. Rose W. Robins, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Rosenfeld, Sidney Rossman, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Stanfield, Dr. Sydney A. Stein, and William G. Tachau.—*Lexington Leader*.

## Letters From Our Humorist

By HENRY P. CRUTCHER

### BABY APRIL

**A**LL! well! well! Winter is over and Spring has come once more! The flowers are buzzing, the bees are blooming, the birds are bleating, the lambs are singing, and the trees are gamboling gaily o'er the lea, 'n' ever'-thing! Ain't nature wonderful?

April, the darling little baby of the months, dimples her rosy cheeks and smiles, and we say: How gloriously the sun shines today!" April puts her chubby fingers in her mouth and gurgles and coos in delight, and we marvel at the music of the purring and the soft soothings of the gentle southern zephyrs thru the trees; then, baby April, for no apparent reason, suddenly starts crying, and we exclaim: "Oh, these April showers!" and dart for shelter.

Yes, April always reminds us of a baby. And speaking of babies: We've often wondered why no girl baby (to our knowledge) has ever been named "April." We think it is even a prettier name than either "May" or "June" which seem to be such popular appellative months. If (and the thought is not father to the wish) we should ever be so unfortunate as to get inextricably tangled up in the dread skeins of matrimony, and in due time the stork in flying over our house should drop a little baby girl down our chimney, we certainly intend naming it "April." The next we shall name "Cherry." The next we shall—but we digress. Fancy seems to have eloped with our pen. Fancy must not elope with our pen. Both are too young to realize the seriousness of the steps they are taking. We must overtake them before they have reached the Justice of Peace..... Ah ha, Mister Pen, I have caught you, you foolish young boy! Elope with that flippant flapper, Fancy, would you? And you, Miss Fancy, come here to me, you seductive young flirt! Aren't you ashamed of yourself, putting such wild notions in my little Pen's head? But Fancy laughs mockingly and skips about tantalizingly just out of reach. "No one," she cries, "can control Fancy! You call Fancy young? Ha, ha, ha! Foolish man, Fancy is old, old! Since the amoeba first stirred the slimes, since the earliest Paleozoic times, since the mists first whirled and swirled in infinitable space, since time was, has been Fancy. And yet Fancy is young, also. And vibrant and full of life. And Fancy is, always has been, and will be free, free, free! Many have been, are, and shall continue to be her slaves, but no one has ever captured Fancy. And yet, you silly man, you cry to Fancy, "Come and be punished!" Oh you simpleminded thing, Fancy shall teach you a lesson. She will let you keep your pen, but from now on she will be its mistress. It shall obey her implicitly. Even as it crawls across the page, Fancy is dictating, not you. I have spoken!" She skips away with a saucy smile, blows to me a kiss from her fingers tips and disappears.

With weird, indefinable emotions I hesitatingly grasp my pen and write. I gaze with astonishment at the first sentence that spreads out in bold ebony lines across the smooth white paper, for, lo and behold, I have written,

or rather, my pen has written: "*The next we shall name 'Fancy'.*"

Do you believe in ghosts, dear reader? Psychchic-phenomena? Metempey-chosis? Neither did I, but—well, since my pen has written that line italicized above, I feel so queer. Shall I continue? Do I control this pen or not? We shall see. We shall see.

What shall I write about? "Tell us the news of the deaf," you suggest. All right. Now we'll find out who is boss of this pen. We'll show that impudent Miss Fancy where she gets off!

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### NEWS OF THE NEW YORK DEAF

With the coming of spring the deaf of New York are optimistically enthused with the prospect of producing the bumper of bumper crops ever on record. The long hard winter with its incessant snowstorms and blizzards, while exceedingly uncomfortable caused no actual suffering in the ranks of Silentdom. The shortage of coal caused much inconvenience before Christmas, but our enterprising deaf folk speedily overcame this difficulty by using firewood obtained from the vast forest reserves in Central and Prospect Parks. Wild game of every species were found in both parks. A few hardy souls who ventured out as far as the Bronx reported big game was to be had in abundance out there, and in proof of their claims brought back a lion, a tiger, three kangaroos, six rhinoceros and seven hippopotami. These they donated to the St. Ann's Church. Under the efficient supervision of Reverend's Kent and Braddock the ladies of the W. P. A. S. soon had 'em all skinned and carved up into suitable length to go into the immense soup cauldrons. Then an immense barbecue, the like of which was never tested before in this community, was served to the assembled multitude at \$1.00 for all one could eat and carry home. After everybody had gorged to the satiation point and carried home all they wanted it was found that in some inexplicable manner one of the rhinoceroses had been carelessly left in the ice-box and remained uncooked and overlooked by some mistooked. So they cut the hide off in one-inch squares, numbered each square and then placed them all in a Derby hat, let a little six-months-old child, after being handcuffed, blindfolded and gagged, insert her toes in the hat and withdraw a square. The person holding the number (I forgot to say that each person for the sum of ten cents had been given a number corresponding to one on a square of the hide) won the rhinoceros. Mr. William Renner, with number "7,692,843", was the lucky holder. All in all, the barbecue was a great success, socially, financially and culinarianly. Especially were the hippopotami steaks relished and praised by all. Thereafter at different times during the winter various expeditions would expedite to the Bronx and come back loaded down with game. Then one of the party would be dispatched to the top of the Woolworth building to make a fire of damp pine boughs and thus send up a smoke screen which the deaf throughout the city recognized as a signal meaning: "Our intrepid hunters

have returned. Big barbecue tomorrow night at the Deaf-Mutes' Union League; or, the Hebrew Association of the Deaf; or, the Brooklyn Frats; or, the N. Y. League for the Hard of Hearing; or, the Fanwood Athletic Association;" according to whichever party it happened to be signaling. About sixteen barbecues were held in New York after the St. Ann's affair; one in Jersey City and one in Hoboken. So all the deaf of New York and environs came through the winter looking as sleek and fat as corn-fed Kansas Poland Chinas, and, as I have stated before, are full of pep and vim and optimistically preparing to raise one of the bumperest crops that ever was rose in this here glorious community where men are men and women are beautiful.

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Mr. Alexander Pach has already ploughed up the old Bowling Green plot down on his battery estate preparatory to putting in early sugar cane. He expects to start planting next week if rain does not interfere with his harrowing. Mr. Pach is using Hotel Astor lump sugar this year for his seed. His sugar cane seed last year from Max's Busy Bee did not produce half a crop, hence the change. As a sideline Mr. Pach is conducting a fish hatchery. One of the finest hatcheries in the country is to be found on his Battery farm.

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Mr. Samuel Frankenheim reports his flock of sheep on his magnificent Wall St. estate weathered the hard winter splendidly and he is rejoicing over one of the most prolific lambing seasons on record. 59,000 were born during March and all are thriving with the exception of a few that were devoured by bears. Two of the old ewes died of the diphtheria shortly after becoming mothers of two cunning black lambs and Uncle Sam had to raise them on a bottle. They are now the largest of the entire flock and follow him about everywhere. Mr. Frankenheim will start shearing about the first of the month and anticipate a tremendous cutting of wool.

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Mr. Marcus Kenner received about six bushels of watermelon seed from the agricultural class of Gallaudet College in Washington and intends putting in at least twenty acres of his choicest East River bottomland to this delicious but unwieldy delicacy. It will be remembered that the heavy and total unexpected frost of July 4th entirely destroyed Mr. Kenner's melon crop last summer. Having learned his lesson Mr. Kenner intends having his melons heavily insured this year and to pray for another frost.

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Brother Edwin A. Hodgson, who was kicked by a mule last February has gone on a Mediterranean cruise to recuperate. Brother Fox will manage the Fancy Fanwood Poultry Farms during his absence. Mr. Hodgson was accompanied by Messrs. Henry C. Kohlman, Emanuel Souweine and Sylvester J. Fogarty. The wives of these three gentlemen will do the spring plowing while they are away and keep things going in general. The party left on the steamer "Adriatic" on the night of February 25th and expect to be gone until they get back. They will study agricultural conditions at all the ports at which they stop. Especially does Mr. Hodgson wish to see and compare the Gibraltar with his Fanwood Plymouth Rocks. The other three gentlemen will make a special study of the vineyards in Maderia. All expect, however, to spend most of their time and money at Monte Carlo.

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Mr. William Renner on his beautiful little farm in the Catskills is raising oranges on an extensive scale this

year and predicts a record-breaking crop. Mr. Renner sells his fruit direct to the consumer. He employs a gang of 400 Italians to pick his oranges paying them at the rate of five cents per bushel. Swift pickers earn up to twelve dollars a day, tho the average wage comes to about seven dollars. The oranges are picked from the trees and placed in paper sacks, twelve to a sack. Mr. Renner loads them on his bicycle, two sacks at a time, and peddles them to town and peddles them on the East Side at "2 for 5 cts." Not only does he make a lot of money, but also gets a lot of good healthy outdoor exercise from bicycling, as, naturally, it takes quite a number of fifty-mile trips to and from his farm each day before he disposes, for cash, of his day's picking.

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Misses Sophie Boatwright, Alice Studt and Doris Ballard up in Washington Heights had such a success with their pigeon lofts last year that they intend adding four more lofts and increasing their flock to 2000 pigeons. "2000 pigeons," they say, "will rear 4000 squabs." In three weeks these squabs are ready for market and retail at two dollars each; which is, according to the writer's marvelous mathematical deduction: 4000 squabs multiplied by \$2 equals \$9200 divided by 3 girls minus 45 cents for feed and other expenses equals \$3973.48 for each girl; which is gobs of money for three girls for three weeks' work. They specialize in pouter pigeons, and have also a few ostriches as an experimental sideline.

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Mrs. Harry Kane returned from Boston late in February with her mind full of beans. So intrigued was Mrs. Kane with the Boston beans that she brought back two trunks full of baked beans and, as soon as Mr. Kane and the hired man get the old sorghum patch broken up, will plant it all in beans—a can to a hill. A pork chop will also be put in each hill to facilitate matters and save labor when the crops mature. Mr. Kane will use butter instead of pork chops and raise butter beans. All the deaf desiring to place orders for these beans should do so now, as later on, the Kanes expect to be buried in an avalanche of orders from hearing people and the supply may not hold out. Send cash with order (\$2 per bean) and state number of beans desired. Address: Kanes Beanery, New York City, R. R. 1.

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Mr. and Mrs. K. W. Morris have sold their lovely home on West 75th St. for \$2,000,000.00 and invested the proceeds in a quarter-section ranch down in Times Square where they will reside in the future. Being new at the ranching game, they have engaged the services of a well known Texas rancher, Troy E. Hill, of Dallas, as manager. Mr. Hill is on his way here now—near Little Rock, Arkansas, to be exact—driving along an immense herd of his far famed Texas Long Horn Steers to stock the ranch. This popular trio have our best wishes and we are sure they will succeed in their new venture.

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We will conduct an Amateur Photograph Contest of our own next month, and several pictures each succeeding month that do not get in next month will be published in this department. Prints must be "funny," and of interest to the deaf. Pictures of well known deaf persons in some ridiculous pose or costume are especially desired. All prints will be returned if requested. Send yours in NOW.

Do NOT send to the SILENT WORKER, but direct to the editor of this department whose address is: 224 St. James Pl., Brooklyn, New York.



# National Ass'n NADIO of the Deaf

Broadcasted From Station ME(agher)



TAND-BY, folks! We are "on the air" again. Dial 5627 meters, Indiana Ave., Chicago. Attune your loud-speaker and listen-in to a report on Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C.—the only institution of higher education for the deaf in the world!

1925 was the most successful football year in the history of Gallaudet College. So I claim.

Yet Gallaudet did not win a game.

No joke. It was Gallaudet's most successful season!

"A man is known by the company he keeps," said Ben Franklin or some other wise rooster. "A college is known by the class of its opponents," say I—also a rooster, but not so wise. At least, so some say.

In past years the million-circulation Chicago Sunday papers would run the name "Gallaudet" on their first-page football box, once or twice a season. In 1925 nearly every Sunday morning saw this alluring line: "Big Varsity, 60—Gallaudet, 6."

It is no disgrace to be beaten. Illinois, with the great Grange and Britton, lost three of its first four 1925 games. Yet who is so "dumb" as to assert Illinois had not as much respectful reader-interest as Yale or Dartmouth?

The broadcaster of station ME(agher) is not a college man, unfortunately; but like all deaf patriots, was proud to see the publicity good old Gallaudet got.



Gallaudet would have had a season of "ups and downs," only it was all "downs." Not "touchdowns," not "first-downs," simply downs.

*I pen the praise of Gallaudet  
Whose team goes down to fame;  
A David-and-Goliath "set"  
Was each and every game.  
Although it cut no winning capers  
It got its name in all the papers.*

Gallaudet has an enrollment of about 150 students of both sex. All her opponents listed between 700 and 3000 students.

David-like Gallaudet was able to schedule such Goliath-like opponents chiefly on the 1924 record of quarter Louis Massinkoff from Chicago, who had made a 93-yard run for touchdown the previous season, and had electrified the spectators by his Grange-like elusiveness in every game he played. ("Massy" was taught by Robey Burns, who learned his football under Zuppke—the coach of Grange.) But "Massy" was heroized by the student body to the utter neglect of his lessons; so, like most Gallaudet stars

of the past, he was "fired" for deficiencies in his class-room work. Without the "Grange of Gallaudet," our deaf team was a "set-up" for the big varsities.

For countless ages Gallaudet has had a horrible habit of loosing its star athletes because their student friends thoughtlessly encourage them to shine in the social life; instead of banding to compell them to study. And until the students take united action to encourage classroom brilliance, Gallaudet is going to lose its stars in the future. Lessons can be flagrantly slighted in many a big college not under Government control—but not on the good green grounds of Gallaudet!

Still, last season's roll-call is one to be proud of: Fordham, Bucknell, St. Johns, Loyola, Catholic University, Albright, and Carson-Newman. Famous Fordham beat Gallaudet only 60—0, then defeated the college of the City of New York by 76—0. Fordham did not lose a game all season, until meeting Georgetown in the closing contest.

Hats off to Coach Ted Hughes and his Gallaudet team of 1925. A game bunch, they never knew when they were licked.

"Nads," Wing Your Way to Washington—August 9-14.

## THE REAL "RED" GRANGE OF DEAFDOM



The Red-haired, sunny-featured little deaf lass in black, (shown above with her younger hearing sister) is a pupil in the oral classes of Parker school, Chicago. Gaze on her smile and those long, lean greyhound legs, then take three guesses at the identity of her cousin—the greatest football gladiator of all time.

Correct; oh my, you astound me with your brilliance. You guessed it the first time. Yes, little Ruth Grange, 11 years old, is cousin to the great Harold "Red" Grange, the "Galloping Ghost" of Illinois. Like all the Granges, she is a creature of the great outdoors; healthy, happy and good. Cut out her picture and paste it

on page one of your new scrapbook entitled "Sovereigns of Silentdom," alongside the likeness of Mrs. Calvin Coolidge (who used to teach the deaf), Lon Chaney (son of deaf parents), and Granville Redmond (the great deaf painter who is the chum of Charlie Chaplin, and who taught him the deaf signs he employs so advantageously in his films.)

"Nads," Wing Your Way to Washington—August 9-14.

Annen the phrase, "Galloping Ghost," the broadcaster of these Nadio programs will always feel he was the first to invent it. It may have been possible someone else used it prior to this season, but if so I can't recall having seen it. The term occurred to me while penning a poem during the college season, which poem was submitted to Warren Brown, famous sports editor of the *Herald and Examiner*—but never printed. Two days after I passed in my poem, Brown began using the phrase, to be speedily followed by other sport writers everywhere. Such is life. The bird who gives birth to a bright idea don't always get the credit. But if he does (or writes) anything "off color," the whole world knows the dire details next day. Ho, hum.

If you insist on hearing the unpublished poem, all right; here goes:

### THE GALLOPING GHOST

(After Grantland Rice's "Sande.")

*Maybe we'll see another  
Red wraith that can twirl and tear;  
Maybe we'll know some other  
Wild Will-o'-the Wisp on air!  
Maybe... But—well—I doubt it:  
No; never again a strange  
Smashing, splashing, lashing, crashing  
Galloping Ghost like Grange.*

*Golden gleams on his helmet,  
A glaze of blue on his back;  
Streaks of white on his bosom bright  
Seem streaks of light in attack.  
Maverick-like he stampedes,  
Loco-lopes over the range;  
A darting, dashing, flying flashing  
Glorious Ghost is Grange.*

*Twisting, tearing and teasing,  
Zig-zagging with zeal and zest;  
Prancing with antics pleasing  
He rompeth from East to West.  
Clearing the claw-like clutches,  
Evading the tackles range,  
Cunning and clever, eddying ever,  
Gallops the ghostly Grange.*

*Rambles that rapt "Red" Rover—  
He rambles and ramps and rams;  
Scampers the cross-lines over,  
Slides, slithers and slits and slams—  
Fleet as the fitful flicker  
Of flame in a roaring range,  
Leaping, livid; virile, vivid  
Gambols the graceful Grange.*

*Shades of each Royal Ranger—  
Of Eckersall, Thorpe and Gipp,  
Welcome this gifted granger  
To your glorious fellowship:*

*Never we'll see another  
His like on the ball exchange—  
A heady, steady, rough and ready  
Galloping Ghost like Grange.*

"Nads," Wing Your Way to Washington—August 9-14.

Do you Nadio fans read Frederick Moore's admirable athletic department before throwing away your precious magazines? You ought to; Moore makes his stuff interesting.

Page 172 of the January SILENT WORKER had a picture of the Shelton, Wash., high school football team, and its deaf coach Dewey Deer—considered the greatest fullback in Gallaudet history. Seems only yesterday I gave little Dewey his first football lesson. And now he coaches a hearing high school! *Tempus fugit*; I must be growing old.

Dewey was on the second team of the Vancouver, Wash., state school in those days. Another of my deaf tots was Rex Oliver. Oliver later left to play half-back on the Everett High School team—then coached by Enoch Bagshaw. That Bagshaw now coaches the University of Washington, which won the Pacific Coast championship scoring 444 pts. to opponents 25, and met Alabama in the famous New Years game in Pasadena. When Rex Oliver played on that famous H. S. team, his companion half was G. Wilson, this year's All-American half of Washington—who out-starred Grange when the two met in a pro game in Los Angeles, January 16. Other Everett H. S. teammates of the deaf Oliver were Guttersen, quarter of Washington, and Carlson, quarter of California last fall.

As just related, Grange has a deaf cousin. Seems as if most all the athletic notables have acquaintance with at least one silent, don't it?

"Nads," Wing Your Way to Washington—August 9-14.

Another football-great I started at the same time as Dewey Deer and Rex Oliver was Jack Seipp, who last fall played left-half on the "Goodyear Silents," Akron, Ohio, a professional outfit managed by Kreigh Ayers (the "big bug" of the 1913 Nad convention in Cleveland.) A review of this deaf pro eleven is timely right here.

During the World-War the "Goodyear Silents" were as strong as most professional outfits, and the men have hung together playing ever since. But sound wind, snappy sinew, strength and speed are the inalienable possessions of youth. The veteran 180-lb. line averaged over 30 years in age. Their light, fast backs could not get going in this year of Big Mud. Much was expected of Louis Massinkoff, erstwhile "the Grange of Gallaudet;" but "Massy" sustained a torn ligament in the first half of his first game, and was out for the entire season.

Accordingly, the 1925 record of the Goodyear Silents was a miserable disappointment. Playing second-class opponents, they won one, tied two, and lost eight games. The gate receipts were also disappointing—Seipp says he is still waiting for the promised post-season "divvy." They had expected the treasury would assay at least \$250 per man when the final game was played. "When several silent linesmen got hurt Ayers had to hire hearing subs at \$25 per game, cash on the dot; we played all eleven games and get only soft words," one of them summed it up.

Manager Kreigh Ayers aims to discard most of his old players next season, and has been advertising in the deaf



press for new recruits, specifying 180 pounds and some experience as prerequisites. The application so far received are discouraging, few weighing over 160 pounds, and experience being limited to a few years alleged-play under the amateurish coachmanship of men who never knew much about the science of the MODERN game, anyway. Ayers intended to apply for a franchise in the National Professional Football League and meet such teams as Grange's stars. (Press accounts of the February 6th meeting of the league carried no mention of an application from Akron or the deaf.)

I hardly fancy the plan will prove a success. Hearing teams have the pick of the ex-college stars to build with—men with three years' experience under scientific coaching. It takes two years to develop a really good player. What has the field of Deafdom to offer? Quarters like Hasenstab, Carrell, Moore and Massinkoff; backs like Price, Smileau, Andree, Deer, Seinensohn, Seipp, Oliver and Ringle; ends like Bill Hunter, Marshall and Moore; linesmen like Ely, Dudley, Geilfuss, Pfunder, and West; passers like Classen and punters like Rolf Harmsen—these do not grow on trees. Assemble a team of Silents named above—all in their prime—and they could lick their weight in wildcats. But "youth will be served." An athlete is in his prime between 20 and 25—after that age any achievements result in drains of his physical reserve which tell sadly in after years. As for playing football after 25, a fellow is a fool. "Young twigs bend; old trees break," applies to the bones—as several of the Goodyear Silents found to their sorrow the past few years.

The National Football League, which Ayers aims to enter, was organized five years ago, and embraces 22 teams. A franchise costs \$2500—yet most of the teams lost money last season. Each club deposits over \$1000 forfeit money, which it loses for violation of league rules, or failure to live up to schedule and other agreements. Each team

is limited to 18 men. College men can't play until their class graduates; men expelled from college can't play until their cases have been investigated. (As this is written C. C. Pyle, manager of Red Grange, is talking of forming a new football league, on the same basis as the National and American baseball leagues.) All the teams want to play in New York and Chicago—where crowds of 3000 to 75,000 turn out every Sunday—but only those that are considered drawing cards succeed in scheduling games there. (I vainly tried to book the Goodyear Silents with the Chicago Bears and Chicago Cardinals last summer, on request of manager Ayers.)

Since turning pro last December, Grange made \$125,000 by February—but this case is exceptional. League rules require each team be guaranteed \$1200 per game, which is on a basis of the club's pay roll for that game. The average salary of a linesman is \$75 per game—but most of the teams have been unable to promptly pay in full. Backfield men get more. Paddy Driscoll of the Cardinals is reported to get \$500 per game: he probably gets less, taking the season as a whole.

Let's wish Ayers and his Goodyear Silents all success in their ambitious plans. It may work out—you never can tell until you try. If you know a whale of a football player under 25, you can do your bit towards adding to the glory of Deafdom by dropping a card, giving the prospect's address, weight, and general record, to K. Ayers, 1795 Malasia Road, East Akron, Ohio.

"Nads." Wing Your Way to Washington—August 9-14.

Time to hit the hay, folks. Remember the Silver Jubilee of the frats, Chicago, May 29-30-31; and the Nad convention in Washington, August 9-14. Be sure to tune in on this Radio program next month—something interesting on the air. Siss-zing-zooie—station ME(agher) signing off.



DEAF-MUTE SWINDLER IS SENTENCED TO PRISON

Perline Meyers, 35 years old, 1360 Cortland avenue, the "deaf mute sheik," was sentenced to serve from one to five years in the Michigan Reformatory at Ionia, with

a recommendation of one year, by Judge Harry R. Keidan in the Recorder's Court Saturday.

Meyers was found guilty of larceny by trick. He defrauded Lena Yack, 51 years old, 5894 Baldwin avenue, another deaf-mute, of \$825.

Meyers is accused of defrauding a number of deaf-mute women in various parts of the country. He would propose marriage to them. Then, revealing he owned a lot he would suggest they combine funds to put up a house. Then Meyers would decamp with money.—Detroit Star Reporter.

"Grant me, O Lord, to know that which is worth knowing, to love that which is worth loving."—Thomas A. Kempis.

APRIL SHOWERS  
The rain falls down when it gets ready,  
Upon the just and unjust fellas.  
It falls upon the just the most  
For the unjust has the just's umbrella.

"Silence is a great virtue, it covers folly, keep secrets, avoids dispute and prevents sin."—William Penn.

# The New Jersey Convention

By MILES SWEENEY

(Secretary N. J. Branch N. A. D.)

**P**RIOR to the third bi-ennial one, which was held in Trenton, February 20-21-22, 1926, conventions of the New Jersey Branch of the National Association of the Deaf were restricted to the summer months. The change to winter worked like a charm. As drawing powers the palm must go to dancing and basketball. They must be tremendously popular in New Jersey if we are to judge from the two hundred or more who were present at the latest three-day state convention.

It would seem that all previous records were snowed under. Incidentally, just one week before the opening of the convention Trenton was visited by the worst snow storm in years. The snow, however, dwindled rapidly and when the convention opened hardly any was in sight. Perhaps it paused out of regard to the deaf, for the day after the convention ended Trenton received another blanket of the white flakes.

The convention opened on the evening of Saturday, February 20, with a reception and dance in the Republican Club auditorium. The attendance was around 150, with "flappers" and "sheiks" much in evidence—also "wallflowers." Most everything in the catalogue of the terpsichorean art from the waltz down to the charleston was indulged in and music was furnished by the Original Broadway Entertainers, jazz artists. The rotund figure of the superintendent of the New Jersey School for the Deaf glided, whirled, zig-zagged around the floor along with the younger male element, who looked for all the world like sailors. And the girls—they looked like birds of paradise. The school mams and professors were there too but minus their dignity. Orangeade was served to all. What an excellent compromise drink! No lager—out of regard to the "Drys;" no grape juice—out of regard to the "wets."

The conspicuous personality of John A. Roach, of Philadelphia, shone in the crowd of merrymakers. Mr. Roach has been such a perennial visitor to New Jersey conventions that we are accustomed to regard none complete without his presence. Absent—George S. Porter, famed publisher of the *SILENT WORKER*. Also Mrs. Porter. Et tu, Mrs. Lloyd. But to even up the scales we had Walter Beatty, ex-football star of the Mt. Airy School, who now resembles a baby edition of "Big Bill" Edwards, and Henry Hester, of Hoboken, and also of the famous "piano legs" that used to play over the basketball courts. Warning note to unruly members: Mr. Hester is the new sergeant-at-arms, and therefore his famous underpins are liable to be put to a new use at the next convention in 1928. Oh, yes—Emily of the thousand moods, she was there too. Please clip your noses—do not be too inquisitive about that young lady.

A few other faces espied at the dance were Mr. and Mrs. Hans P. Hansen and daughter Florence, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Bowker, Mr. and Mrs. William Bennison, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Moore, Mrs. Josephine Stephenson and daughter Marjorie, Miss Clara Breese, Miss Helen Burns, Miss Mabel Snowden, Miss Mary Burk, Miss Ethel Collins and countless others unintentionally overlooked or otherwise personally unknown. Almost forgotten—Mrs.

Walter Beatty and her guest Miss Margaret Jackson, the Delaware Peach.

The committee in charge of the reception and dance were Hans P. Hansen, chairman; Mrs. Josephine Stephenson, Muriel Gillmore, C. Parker Jerrell, Frank Nutt and Sidney Budwsky.

The morning after the dance a fair-sized crowd appeared for the lectures given at the old school for the deaf. Some preferred to go to church, others remained under covers, tired out from their exertion during the night. The lectures were thoroughly enjoyed. Kenneth Murphy related some of his experiences with the motor vehicle authorities that brought forth many a laugh. Miles Sweeney gave a resume of the automobile fight from its inception in 1915 down to its termination in 1925—ten years of hard struggle, beset with many discouragements before finally crowned with victory. Frank Hoppaugh told much of interest regarding the formation of a local branch in Newark, which he has hopes of accomplishing in the near future; he also emphasized the need of better protection for deaf teachers of the deaf. Other speakers were George T. Sanders, of Philadelphia; John Devine, of New York, and Frederick Moore, Secretary-Treasurer of the N. A. D. Their speeches were all well received.

All Sunday afternoon was devoted to visiting the new school for the deaf. Most went there by trolley, and automobiles escorted the rest. The visit was a pleasant surprise to many. They had no idea of the magnitude of the new location, which occupies a space of something like 92 acres as compared with the 8 of the old school. The grounds are dotted with splendid new buildings, costing in the neighborhood of a million dollars, and rivalling the best in the country. There is a lake, woods, plenty of land for the tillage of the soil, and beautiful surroundings. All this promises well for the future education of the New Jersey deaf, unless the school is transformed into a pure oral institution.

Moving pictures put an end to a delightful Sunday. The show began at 8 in the evening—five reels of agreeable entertainment, with George S. Porter in charge, assisted by Walton Morgan and Howard E. Thompson. So many were present that the chapel of the old school was packed to the full. Alexander L. Pach was among those present—but not in the audience. He was there, along with Rev. J. H. Cloud, Robert McGregor and other famous personages, in the first film shown entitled "The Atlanta Convention," and he did his stuff well. The signing of Robert McGregor was a revelation to many. He exhibited a combination of force and crystal clearness that was admirable all through. In the future we shall want more of McGregor. Other reels were: "Yankee Doodle," "A Chapter from the Life of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet" and a two-part comedy entitled "The Big Show."

Monday morning, February 22, at 9:30 in the Y.M.C.A.—business. This announcement is enough to scare away many. In fact only 31 members were present, not counting visitors, and few arrived on time. So it was necessary to delay the opening nearly an hour in order to have a quorum. Officers present: President Dondiego, Secret-

ary Sweeney, Treasurer Mrs. Sweeney and Second Vice-President Dixon; absent, First Vice-President Brede. The business opened at 10:15. The brief time at our disposal made it necessary to dispense with the invocation and the roll call. The president's address was next in order and is herewith given as follows:

#### PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Ladies and Gentlemen:

As you know there will be little time at our disposal for official business. I don't wish to trouble you with a long speech. I only shall mention some matters which are the most important.

First, we had the automobile fight. No doubt you all are aware of the fact that it ended in a great victory for the New Jersey deaf. You can see the value of having organization. Whenever anyone asks you what good has the New Jersey Branch done, you can explain with pride about the victory in the automobile fight. I need not relate more about this interesting subject as the chairman of our auto committee is expected to make a report.

A few weeks ago, while in North Jersey on business, I received a very encouraging piece of news. That was, Newark is planning to form a local branch. Good! We need more forts to defend ourselves. The two locals, Trenton and Hudson Co., are still on their feet. They have not so many members as before but it is hoped that the state members will grow before the next convention comes around. Camden and Paterson are yet to be heard from and would greatly boost our number. Efforts should be made to establish branches in every place of good-sized population in the state.

Let us commend Mr. Pope for his untiring efforts in helping establish the new school for the deaf, which is said to be one of the finest schools in the country, perhaps in the world. I hope you enjoyed the visit there yesterday. I believe some of you have inquired if the school is going to be pure-oral. Well, I don't know, and I share with you the hope that it will not. The National Association of the Deaf has always stood for the combined system. We have sincere faith in Mr. Pope's wisdom in seeing to it that the method is fitted to the child instead of the child being fitted to the method.

I must make good my promise to be brief. I thank you all for your kind attention and respectfully urge that this morning's business be conducted in an orderly manner. Above all make it short and snappy.

In conclusion, I wish to express my thanks to all those who have faithfully aided me during this administration, especially the automobile committee, and also to the Executive Committee, who gave me loyal support.

After President Dondiego finished his address, the minutes of the 1924 convention in Jersey City were read them some communications, followed by reports of the secretary and the treasurer. Next came the reports of the various committees—the auditing, the automobile and the resolutions.

The big disappointment was the non-presence of W. W. Beadell, chairman of the automobile committee, who was expected to give a report of the fight he helped bring to a successful issue. Kenneth Murphy, treasurer of the auto committee, was asked to substitute for Mr. Beadell. The plucky Irishman straightway accepted this formidable task only to give us a lot of dry figures and none of his usual humor. Mr. Murphy protested that he was unprepared to make a complete report but will give one in a future issue of the *SILENT WORKER*. Here's hoping he will make his dollars and cents talk Irish.

The following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Teaching is one of the oldest professions open to and successfully pursued by the deaf, and

WHEREAS, In New Jersey no provision is made for the training of deaf teachers of the deaf, though hearing persons are so trained; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we members of the New Jersey Branch of the National Association of the Deaf in convention assembled this 22nd day of February, 1926, wish it known that we favor

a normal department in the New Jersey School for the Deaf for the purpose of training both deaf and hearing persons to become teachers of the deaf, and be it further

*Resolved*, That a practical knowledge of signs and the manual alphabet are prerequisites for every teacher of the deaf, whether deaf or hearing; that Gallaudet College graduates, provided they receive the approval of the president of the said college for the deaf, are sufficiently qualified to teach in the state schools for the deaf; that there should be no discrimination between deaf and hearing teachers in the matter salaries; in a word, that the deaf teacher is entitled to equal opportunity and equal treatment in all matters whatsoever;

*Resolved*, That copies of this resolution be presented to the State Board of Education, the Superintendent of the New Jersey School for the Deaf, the *SILENT WORKER*, the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, the *Trenton Evening Times*, the *State Gazette* and the *Newark Evening News*.

*Resolved*, That a vote of thanks be accorded the committee on auto legislation for the able manner in which they handled the auto case, the fortitude they showed, the inconveniences they endured, the victory they obtained and the joy they brought to our hearts.

*Resolved*, That we congratulate Superintendent Pope upon the completion of the new school for the deaf, and express the hope that the school will not fall short of ideal entertained by the majority of us deaf regarding educational methods.

*Resolved*, That we appreciate the fine spirit shown by the Newark deaf in contemplating the organizing of a local branch; that we hope for an early decision on their part, and wish that all the rest of the big cities in New Jersey would follow suit.

*Resolved*, That we take steps to extend the use of the manual alphabet among the hearing, to the end that more pleasant relations may be effected in business, in the shop and in society.

*Resolved*, That we thank the Trenton Branch for the splendid program arranged for our entertainment.

*Resolved*, That thanks be extended to the Trenton Y. M. C. A., for the use of one of their rooms for the business session; also for the use of their "gym" for the basketball game.

A resolution instructing the delegate to the national convention to propose the abolishment of the Endowment Fund Plan and in its place to urge that part of the money credited to it be used for establishing branches in at least a majority of the states, was tabled. This is unfortunate, inasmuch as branches are the best possible investment for the N. A. D.—far better than the endowment plan, which is a toy auto compared with the real thing. The N.A.D. is doing a mountain of work to bring forth a mouse. You have to get 5000 life members at \$10 each in order to make \$50,000, which is more members than the N.A.D. already has. And to what end? To get only \$3,000 income, which is pitifully insufficient; and the goal is still a long way off. On the other hand, a drive for branches in all the states will require, as pointed out in the February *SILENT WORKER*, only \$2,400. And what a mountain for such a small outlay of money!—more members, system in place of chaos, better representation, countless opportunities for self-training and self-advancement and for doing good in one's locality, social benefits, closer and more efficient business relations, etc. Why put it off?

To return to the business session. After sundry new business was transacted the elections came around. The final result was: President, Hans P. Hansen, of Trenton; Vice President, Harry E. Dixon, of Jersey City; Second Vice President, John Garland, of Newark; Secretary, Miles Sweeney, of Trenton; Treasurer, Mrs. Miles Sweeney, of Trenton; Sergeant-at-Arms, (*next page*)

Henry Hester, of Hoboken. Vito Dondiego, of Trenton, was elected Delegate to the national convention to be held in Washington, D. C., August 9-14. Kenneth Murphy was elected Alternate Delegate.

Just as the obligations were administered to the new officers by retiring president Vito Dondiego and with adjournment in sight, in popped "Steam Roller" Boileau. Too late. He looked big enough for three votes. Perhaps it were better he did not participate. We expected him to make some oaths while the new officers were taking them. But he was all smiles instead. He is simply enthusiastic over the prospects of forming a local branch in Camden, and hopes to be the one to accomplish the feat.

Immediately after the adjournment of the business session, which happened at one o'clock in the afternoon, all repaired to the "Y" cafeteria, where fine meals and excellent service were had.

At two o'clock sharp the first of the two basketball games in the Y.M.C.A. "gym" started off. It was the preliminary to the big game between Fanwood and the New Jersey School. The result was Hudson County Branch 30, Trenton Branch 18. Too much Gronkowski. The elder Gronkowski brother proved an excellent human snow plough and made the Trenton Branch players look like ten pins in the way; and the younger one furnished an excellent shooting eye that made most of Hudson's points. Boatwright starred for the losers.

And now—the big game. It looked like Fanwood. They showed more ability to locate the net during practice and appeared physically the stronger. But this impression was soon dispelled as the two teams sprang into action after the first whistle. Goals rained in with deadly precision and at the end of the first quarter the New Yorkers were trailing the Jersey boys, who gradually pulled away until the first half found them enjoying a comfortable lead. In the second half Fanwood got busy and, led by Kerwin, staged a spurt that brought them dangerously close to the heels of the locals, and made the Jersey rooters at times hold their breath. They were holding their own in-field goals, but foul goals proved their undoing. New Jersey had 21 foul chances to New York's 9. As the teams braced for the final effort, it soon became evident that the victory was to go to New Jersey. The score was 42 to 31. Corello with 18 points starred for the winners and Kerwin with 16 excelled for the losers. Immediately after the tilt, retiring president Vito Dondiego presented the winners with the silver cup for which the teams contended.

An informal social was given in the evening at the old school for the deaf. Then all was over.



TYPES of CHILDREN of DEAF PARENTS

William H. Jr., 13-year-old son of William H. Reymann, of North White Lake, N. Y. The father conducts a prosperous barber shop where he does all kinds of Tonsorial work including all the various "bobs" demanded by the fair sex

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# THE DEAF WORLD

We are happy not only to welcome Miss Doris Myers to the faculty of the Rochester School for the Deaf, but also to congratulate her upon the successful completion of her course at the University of Rochester, where she was awarded the degree of B. A. at the graduating exercises last June, after having done creditable work in all her college subjects and work of unusual merit in some.

Miss Myers received her education at the Rochester School for the Deaf, from the primary department through the college preparatory department. Coming to us without speech or language, we consider this one of the great achievements in the history of the education of the deaf.—*Rochester Advocate*.

Mrs. E. L. Schetnan, formerly Cora M. Reed, has been heard from. Her home is in Redelm, South Dakota, where she and her husband have been living for fifteen years on claim land. She drew a number for such a claim. Now they own their house and four lots, two of which are usually full of garden truck and potatoes. They also have a lot of pure bred Ancona chickens which prove quite profitable. Mr. Schetnan is contemplating the purchase of a newspaper plant in the eastern part of South Dakota. He graduated from the Washington State School for the Deaf and also attended this school in 1893 and was also a student at Gallaudet College. They have a son and two daughters, 14, 12 and 10 years old respectively. The elder ones have to go away for the High School as there is none in their home town. We hope to hear from them again.—*Mt. Airy World*.

A Deaf man by the name of William Welsh, a shady character dropped into Duluth, and soon found himself in the clutches of the law through the agency of Mr. J. C. Howard. The Duluth police looked up his record, and found that he had been arrested and jailed in Aurora, Ill., Spokane, Wash., Sacramento, Cal. and Reno, Nevada. He is evidently one of those migratory fellows, a disgrace to respectable deaf, who wander about the country, trying to make a living off the public by cheap swindling or by appeals to charity. The Zenith City is an unhealthy place for such fellows. Mr. Howard is in close touch with the police department who stand ready to cooperate with him in ridding the city of such undesirables. The deaf people of the country are waging determined war against impostors who pretend to be deaf. And also against bona fide deaf fellows like

Welsh who travel about, trying to make an easy living by imposing on the sympathies of the public.—*Minnesota Companion*.

Every now and then, and sometimes oftener, one reads in the newspapers that "So-and-so, deaf and dumb from birth" was able to hear radio messages and to understand what was said. Now, it is possible that one deaf from birth might get some sense of sound over the radio, but it is utterly beyond the question of belief that one such could understand what is said over the radio. One who has never heard speech (deaf), who has never used speech (dumb), even though a good lipreader and able to read intelligently the printed page, would no more be able to understand spoken language the first time he heard it than is a little child who has not learned to talk. One who lost his hearing after he had learned to talk might, and very likely would, understand the speech he hears over the radio. And, as a matter of fact, a number of people too deaf to hear ordinary conversation or even loud speech close to the ear, can hear and understand over the telephone, or from a phonograph or a radio when there is some mechanical appliance in contact with the ear that transfers vibrations to the inner ear through the bones of the head or even through the natural channels that have become weakened or disorganized through disease, or are dormant or atrophied from disuse. Such reports as those referred to are either made purposely to deceive and mislead, or are garbled and exaggerated by the reporter who does not understand the case.—*Silent Hoosier*.

Mr. Jerome T. Elwell, Sr., died at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital of uremic poisoning December 27 (Sunday morning). The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock at an undertaker's parlor on North College Avenue. The landlord of the house where Mr. Elwell lived on the third floor, discovered him on Tuesday, December 22nd, in a serious condition and he at once wired to his son in Montclair, N. J. The son and his wife, came on Wednesday and ordered his father's removal to the hospital. Mr. Elwell had not been well for several years so the end was not a surprise. He was seventy years old May 19th last. Miss Imogene Elwell, his sister, had been looking after him for sometime, but she was confined in bed at the time of her brother's sickness and death. Jerome, Jr., not being familiar with his father's friends, could not notify

them except Mr. Washington Houston. The writer happened to see the death notice the same day and went to the funeral. Mr. Houston, being ill, did not appear, so there were only four present: Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Elwell, Jr., and Mrs. Ella Foley, a cousin of the deceased. The Rev. C. S. Mervine of Mt. Zion, a Methodist Episcopal Church, in Manayunk, officiated with interment in the West Laurel Hill Cemetery.

The deceased graduated from the old Broad and Pine Streets School and also from Gallaudet College—receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts—in 1879 and in January, 1880—teaching for fourteen years. After this he secured a job in the Keystone Watch Co., till it moved to Riverton, New Jersey. Then he took up teaching language to the deaf by correspondence. One of the pupils in the city was Miss Catherine Prendergast, now Mrs. Carl J. T. Walters. Mr. Elwell also invented several things, but owing to lack of funds was unable to manufacture them. Mrs. Elwell is living in Allentown—and the second son Ralph is out West, married with two children. This accounts for the small attendance at the funeral. Mr. Elwell, during the warm summer evenings often entertained the young children in the neighborhood with juvenile stories, being quite a fluent speaker.—*Mt. Airy World*.

#### SUMMER NORMAL SCHOOL

The Illinois School for the Deaf will again conduct a Summer Normal School for Teachers of the Deaf, beginning June 28th and continuing until July 30th. A new feature of the School this year will be a department for deaf teachers under the direction of Mr. E. P. Cleary, for many years a teacher at the Illinois School. This is the first time deaf teachers have been privileged to receive training at one of these Summer Normal Schools. It is a step in the right direction. Colonel Smith is to be commended for making this provision for deaf teachers.—*Colorado Index*.

#### A DESERVED RECOGNITION

On January 26, the Oklahoma School for the Blind dedicated Stewart Hall with appropriate ceremonies in which the Governor and other prominent officials of the State of Oklahoma participated. This building was named in honor of Oscar Wilhe'm Stewart, who had served so acceptably as Superintendent of this school from 1911 until his death last fall. Under Superintendent Stewart's administration the new school plant at Muskogee was erected and it is gratifying to his friends.

in the profession that his splendid service to the blind of Oklahoma has received suitable recognition.—*Colorado Index*.

#### NEW AID FOR THE DEAF

One ingenious device to aid the deaf is a miniature telephone receiver developed by engineers of the Bell Telephone Company Laboratories. This fits into the ear, and is virtually invisible. With its connecting cord it weighs only six-tenths of an ounce. It is connected with a microphone that can be worn in the lapel, and an amplifier in a box that can be carried in the hand. The amplifier contains two small vacuum tubes and the necessary batteries. By the use of this device, which is called the "audiphone," a person who has lost sixty per cent of his hearing is said to be able to hear the ordinary conversational tones of a speaker three feet away.—*Popular Science*.

#### KNOXVILLE RELATIVE OF HELEN KELLER CORRECTS MISTAKE

Mr. R. A. Keller, of Knoxville, a cousin of Miss Helen Keller, after reading a news story in a Knoxville paper to the effect that Miss Keller was born deaf, dumb and blind, wrote the following statement to the editor of the *Knoxville Journal*:

"The writer of the press dispatch in the Journal recently has made the same mistake about Helen Keller that others have made, as she was not born deaf, dumb and blind, but at birth was a normal child, and at the age of eighteen months could see, talk and hear, but a severe illness caused the loss of these facilities. Her father was captain Arthur H. Keller, of Tuscaloosa, Ala. I attended a reunion of the Kellers at his home at the time Helen was sick, and she was kept in a dark room on account of her eyes.

"Helen in company with her teacher, Miss Sullivan, now Mrs. Macy visited our home in Knoxville, when she was about nine years old, and about three years ago she made an address at the East Tennessee Fair in Knoxville. I think my cousin is a wonderful person and a number of times I have corrected the same mistake."—*Silent Observer*.

#### TRAGIC DEATHS AMONG THE NEW YORK DEAF

January was a month of tragic deaths among the deaf of the greater city. Miss Nora Joyce was run down by a heavy motor truck and died the same day; Mrs. James O'Grady (Elizabeth Sands) while going to pay her respects at the funeral of Miss Joyce, dropped dead on the street; Stanley Schiff, a young man of 26, fell from a third story window and died later.

Miss Joyce was on her way to work on the morning of January 12 and in crossing Broadway at Sixty-sixth street (one of the worst traffic spots in the city) was run over by a heavy truck loaded with building material. She was taken to the Reconstruction Hospital and died there at 8:30 p. m. the same day. She was conscious to almost the end. Her legs were crushed and would have had to be amputated if she had recovered. But these and other injuries were so severe that from the first the doctors held out no hope.—*Catholic Deaf-Mute*.

#### "IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN"

Soon after the Kentucky school was established, in 1823, it received from congress a grant of a township of public land located in Florida. Palm Beach and Miami were not in existence then, and people were not paying fancy prices for real estate down that way. Three or four dollars per acre was considered a good figure, and sales dragged along for thirty-five years. The Civil War found a considerable portion of the land unsold, and after the war we could not hold the part remaining.

When we hear of the fabulous prices paid for lands down there now we are moved to shut our eyes and dream something after this fashion:

Suppose the township,—23,040 acres—had been located in the neighborhood of Miami, and that we could have held it until this time. Five thousand dollars per acre is a very modest price for lands in that section; twenty-three thousand forty times five thousand is,—hold your breath—one hundred fifteen million two hundred thousand dollars. Just suppose we should sell at this figure, we could build the finest school for the deaf on earth, pay the staff, from superintendent down, adequate salaries, never again have to ask the state for a cent toward upkeep, and still have money to throw at the birds. Suppose—but we have a headache, and must defer further suppositions.—*Kentucky Standard*.

#### SOME WELL-KNOWN ACTORS WHOSE PARENTS ARE DEAF

We may look long and probably in vain for a film star or even a satellite who is deaf, but there are some stars who are sons or daughters of deaf parents. Two of them, Sid Smith, of the Cameo Comedy, and Lon Chaney, have been before the movie fans so long that they need no introduction. Sid Smith was born within the shadow of the Minnesota School for the Deaf, so to speak, and is the third son of Dr. J. L. Smith, who has been for nearly thirty-nine years head teacher of that school and editor of the *Companion*. Sid Smith loved sports, especially those that applied to the daredevil. He was an excellent swimmer, as the bunch of deaf people who camped every summer for a dozen years or so at one of the beautiful lakes at Alexandria, Minn., can testify. One of his daring feats was to dive into the lake from the roof of the boat-house. We have a suspicion that this accounts for his ability years after to dive from a high cliff, before the camera into the sea.

Lon Chaney's father was head barber at a shop in Colorado, but he now resides in Los Angeles or Hollywood with his wife in a handsome bungalow, the gift of their famous son. It has been said that Lon Chaney's face is his fortune. He has the power of creating strong facial expressions. One of the most successful film productions in which he has taken the leading part, is that of the Hunchback of Notre Dame.

There is another film star who is winning laurels on the screen. It is Helen Menken, of New York. She is the daughter of deaf parents. Her interesting life work was told in a recent number of the *American Magazine*. She is not quite twenty-three, but has been on the stage

about seventeen years, having transferred her activities to the screen a short time ago.—*North Dakota Banner*.

#### POSED AS DEAF MUTE!

Audacious methods adopted by a man to lead a life of ease and be provided with food and drink at the expense of a generous-minded public, regardless of hardships suffered by his wife, were alleged in a case at Bristol.

Conducting the proceedings on behalf of the N.S.P.C.C., Mr. E. J. Watson asked for a separation order to be granted to the wife of Frederick Coles, of Gloucester-road, Lawford's-gate.

While giving his wife only a shilling a day to keep herself and five children, Coles found his own meals, and returned home the worse for liquor every night, declared the solicitor.

It was further alleged that he was continually beating his wife, and his conduct towards a daughter was objectionable.

Mr. Watson added that Coles would not work, but eked out a livelihood by pretending to deaf and dumb, taking the following illiterately-constructed letter around Clifton:

Dear Sir or lady—will you be so good to help this man as he have a Wife and 5 Children to get Food for and Can not get work he lost his speeck and deafness in the War if you have any old chlothing Boots that will do for the Children I thank you so much for it.

He was neither deaf nor dumb, and did not serve in the war, added Mr. Watson.

The Bench granted the wife a separation order with a weekly allowance for the maintenance of herself and the children.—*Empire News (Belfast, Ireland)* January 31, 1926.

#### SCULPTOR BECAME MECHANIC WHEN LIFE HOPE WAS BLASTED

OAKLAND, CAL., January 23.—Though his life ambition was wrecked ten years ago, Douglas Tilden, eminent California deaf and dumb sculptor, has worked his way to happiness by means of an original philosophy and a pair of strong hands.

Tilden has just built at Berkeley, Cal., a tiny studio home in which he hopes to fulfill the dream of a lifetime.

The tragic chapter in Tilden's life was written at the time of the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco in 1915. "Pioneer Mothers," dedicated to the first mothers of California, was rejected by the art commission in favor of the creation of an eastern sculptor.

Broken hearted, Tilden laid aside his chisel and found employment as a mechanic. The creator of the statue of Junipero Serra, which stands today in Golden Gate Park, the war monument at Portland, Ore., and a score of other famous pieces, was working for day wages!

#### TELLS HIS SIDE

Without bitterness he spoke today of the incident, and of his dream. Deaf and Dumb since childhood, Tilden, who is now 66, scribbles his thoughts on a scrap of paper.

"I do not understand the meaning of 'come-back,'" he wrote, "I was never down and out. There was no loss of artistic power."

"But the world had fallen below my standard."

"I naturally felt the subject strongly. My mother was a California pioneer, a member of the Donner party that braved the perils of winter in the Sierra Nevada Mountains to reach the land of promise.

"Now I am going to follow an old urge, an old dream. Later, when my dream takes form, I shall tell it to the world."

That's his philosophy.

At one end of his simply furnished studio stands the model of "Pioneer Mother," the base now cracked and crumbling. An original poem dedicated to the sculptor by Edwin Markham hangs nearby. A photograph of Tilden and Jack London, taken ten days before the author's death, adorns an opposite wall.—*Columbus Dispatch*.

#### AUTO LICENSES TO BE ISSUED TO DEAF PERSONS

A plan for issuing automobile operator's licenses to deaf persons was announced last week by E. Austin Baughman, Commissioner of Motor Vehicles, following a conference with Prof. Ignatius Bjorlee, superintendent of the Maryland School for the Deaf at Frederick.

In addition to certain restrictions included in the plan, each applicant must meet the provisions of an individual examination and recommendation to the commissioner, it was explained. This examination and recommendation will be conducted by a committee of three, of which Professor Bjorlee is chairman.

The other two members of the committee will be nominated by Professor Bjorlee for appointment by the Commissioner. One member will be a resident of the Eastern Shore and the other of Baltimore.

The restrictions are:

Deaf licenses will be permitted to operate an automobile only when accompanied, on the driving seat by a speaking person of normal hearing and of at least 16 years of age.

The driving privileges granted under the Maryland licenses to deaf persons will be limited to the operation of an automobile within the boundaries of the State of Maryland; the said license to be void in any other State than Maryland.

Licenses will be restricted to the operation of automobiles which are equipped with a properly adjusted rear mirror.

The horn or other warning device—which the law requires in all motor vehicles—is to be tested immediately prior to every trip; this test to be made by the heretofore-mentioned hearing and speaking companion of the operator.

No license will be issued to a deaf person who has any other and additional physical disability other than that of being mute as well as deaf.

The action of Colonel Baughman follows the efforts of Mr. L. Byrd Brushwood, of Aberdeen, and Prof. Bjorlee, who for the past several years worked on the matter. Mr. Brushwood at one time took an appeal from Col. Baughman's decision into the Circuit Court at Bel Air.

—*The Harford Democrat*.

#### AN EXAMPLE OF THRIFT

Hermon Duffer, one of the deaf students in our school, has set an example of thrift which we hope will encourage other boys to begin early to practice industry and economy, the forerunners of

prosperity and independence. Hermon is now twenty years old and has been in school eight years. His home is in Charlotte County where tobacco is the staple crop. When he was fourteen years old he asked his father to let him have a small piece of ground which he could cultivate while spending the summer vacations at home. His father wisely granted the request, and Hermon went to work at once with a determination to "make good." He has been raising tobacco crops every year since. How well he has succeeded is shown by his bank balances. He now has \$2,108 in the savings department of the Drake's Branch Bank near his home which represents the proceeds of his farming operations, and \$114 in the Farmers and Merchants Bank of Staunton. His money is drawing three per cent interest. Here at school he spends the afternoon work hours tending the poultry and helping the dairy. He is so useful and so efficient that the school pays him a monthly wage for his services, and the bulk of this money goes to swell his bank account. His early prosperity is due in no measure to miserly habits. He dresses well, buys what he needs and gives to worthy causes. During the eight years that Hermon has been here he has not received a single demerit. He goes about his work in a quiet, unassuming way, does his duty, and treats everybody right. With all his business-like habits, he is just a live, wide-awake boy, and on the football field shows the vim and determination that wins, both in sport and in the sterner battles of life. His example might well be followed by other boys in the school.—*Virginia Guide*.

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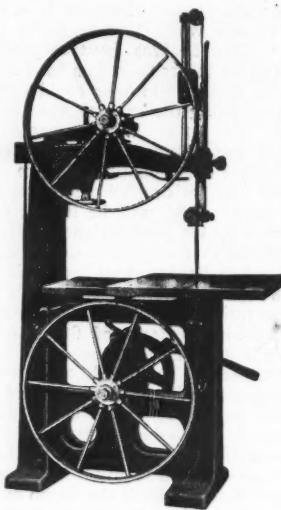
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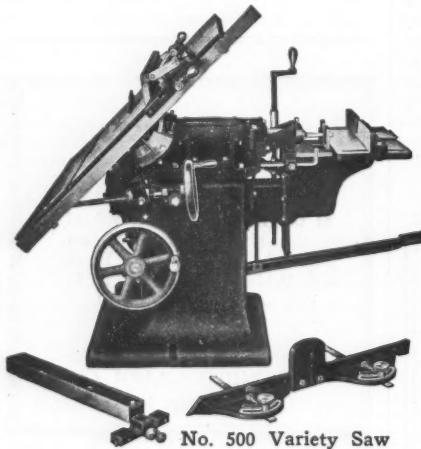
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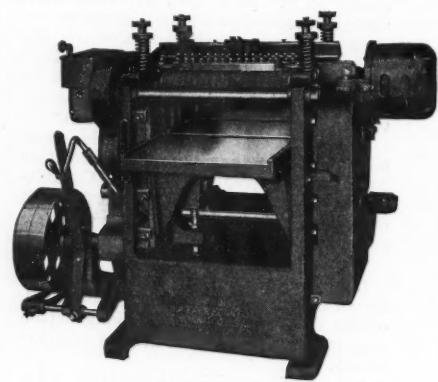
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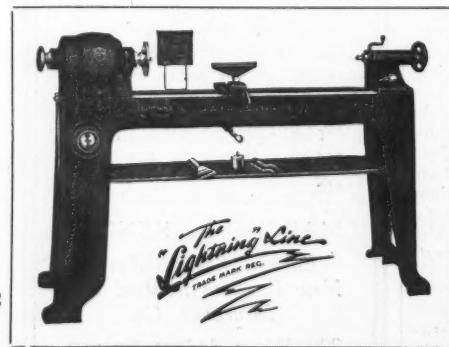
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# In the Garden of the Lord

HE Word of God came unto me,  
Sitting alone among the multitudes;  
And my blind eyes were touched with  
light,  
And there was laid upon my lips a flame of fire.  
  
I laugh and shout, for life is good,  
Though my feet are set in silent ways.  
In merry mood I leave the crowd  
To walk in my garden. Ever as I walk  
I gather fruits and flowers in my hands,  
And with joyful heart I bless the sun  
That kindles all the place with radiant life.  
I run with playful winds that blow the scent  
Of rose and jessamine in eddying whirls.  
  
At last I come where tall lilies grow  
Lifting their faces like white saints to God.  
While the lilies pray, I kneel upon the ground;  
I have strayed into the holy temple of the Lord.

Helen Keller